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PARRA SASTHA ;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF
PADDY GO-EASY
AND
HIS WIFE NANCY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," "VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY," "ART MAGUIRE; OR, THE BROKEN PLEDGE," "BODY THE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

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TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

THIS FEEBLE ATTEMPT

TO

COMMUNICATE TO THEM INFORMATION

DESIGNED

TO IMPROVE THEIR CONDITION AND ADD TO THEIR

INFORMATION AND COMFORT,

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE appearance in this series of another volume from my pen, in so short a period after the publication of "Rody the Rover," requires, on my part, an apology to my readers and the public; who may very naturally ask, why it is that I have obtruded myself into the "Library of Ireland," twice in the course of three months; thus preventing them from enjoying that reasonable variety which such a series ought to present.— This obtrusion, which so far as I am concerned was anything but voluntary, resulted from a calamity that has struck the heart of the country with consternation, affliction, I had almost said, despair; I allude to the death of THOMAS DAVIS. Those who have read the three preceding volumes of this series must have observed an announcement on their back covers, as well as in several advertisements, to the effect, that on the 1st of November would appear the "Life of

PREFACE.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, by Thomas Davis." Such was the announcement, and many an ardent lover of his country—of her literature—and of her general welfare—looked forward with eager anticipations of delight for the production of such a book by such a man! Death, however, inexorable death, in the course of one short and disastrous week, extinguished that spirit, to whose pure lustre the eyes of our country would have one day turned, as to a leading star. He was removed from us all, ere time was permitted him, amongst higher and more comprehensive projects, to do more than commence the "Life of Wolfe Tone."

Who that knew him could be prepared for this? for he had only passed from youth to the very threshold of manhood.

As it happened, there was no other person prepared with a volume to substitute for his, and to fill up the chasm occasioned in the Irish Library by his unexpected death. A breach in the series would have been extremely injurious to its success, and something besides like an imputation upon the intellectual resources of the country. As no other person, therefore, could be found who would undertake to produce a volume within a space of time so limited, and on so short a notice, I undertook the task, and the reader has

before him, in the sketch of "Paddy Go-easy," the labour of only nine clear days, or somewhat less.

I hope it will now be admitted, that this apology was necessary for my reappearance, so unexpectedly and so soon in the series; and, I trust also, that a generous allowance will be made for the imperfections of a work written in such haste, and under circumstances of such peculiar difficulty.

I had, however, other motives for volunteering to write this volume. I undertook it for HIS sake, and in consequence of the affection which I bore him, and which will never perish out of my heart, so long as it has a pulse to beat. I knew how deeply he felt interested in the success of the Irish Library—how hopeful and ample were the expectations he had formed of its utility to our rising literature, and with what enthusiasm he anticipated its power to awaken the general intellect of the country, and to make Irishmen a thinking, enlightened, and independent people. Nor is this all. I knew also the sinking of heart, the shame, and mortification *he* would have felt, could he have witnessed a single month pass without bringing forth its volume. I say, I knew and felt all this;—and I

resolved for your sake, Thomas Davis, that the month which had been allotted especially to yourself *should* have its volume; that no chasm should occur in the Irish Library, and that my reward would be—though full of sorrow and deep affliction to my heart—the melancholy but proud gratification of having my humble and unworthy name associated with yours.

I feel it impossible to close these prefatory observations without endeavouring to place upon record the impressions which this wonderful young man made upon myself, in common, I may add, with all those who approached him—and, if possible, to solve the mystery of that delightful and benignant ascendancy which he exercised alike over the heart and the intellect—and that with a power which, whilst it was felt to operate as a charm, was also known to proceed from him like some pure and exalted emanation of which he was himself unconscious.

In my experience of society, in my knowledge of life, and, I think I may add, with some little insight into human nature, I feel bound to declare, that no individual at all bearing any resemblance to Thomas Davis ever came in my way. A character so full and complete, a mind so large and comprehensive, is one which does

not appear for centuries. Whilst he was with us the spell of that childlike and loving heart so strongly engaged our affections, that we were in some degree incapacitated from estimating, as we ought to have done, the wonderful and varied powers of his intellect, the purity and strength of his principle, and the ever-living truth which kindled all his purposes into that clear light that dwelt on all he did, and in all he said. To those who knew him not, this may appear the language of that exaggeration which is often produced by partiality; but it is not so, or, if it be, what must we say for those qualities which have made this partiality so strong and so general? Such was the vastness of his universal mind, and so varied its subordinate parts, that few intellects could take it in at a glance. Mine cannot. It was a mind of gigantic mould, and capable of grappling with gigantic difficulties, whilst, at the same time, it could descend to the contemplation of a point—whenever the contemplation of a point was necessary. Like the trunk of the elephant, it possessed enormous strength, and almost miraculous flexibility. Wherever an honourable object was to be gained,—and he never sought any other—there it could turn; and wherever the minutest truth lay—no matter how far down, he

could stoop, raise it up, and make it serviceable to his country.

Indeed it is difficult, almost impossible, for any one individual, to form a sufficiently full and just estimate of a character which appears among men so seldom as his. The mind is so completely distracted between his virtues and his talents, that it feels its utter want of power to do justice to both. He was not only a man of genius, but a man of genius without the shadow of those errors, which almost always accompany it. Nay, he was a man of genius in many senses. As a poet, he could have sung a people into freedom ; as a statesman, he had capacity to deal with empires ; in the field, he would have led armies ; in the council, he would have balanced and guided the destiny of nations.

No matter what subject happened to become the topic of conversation, he was sure to understand it best ; and, with what modesty, sweetness, and a temper that nothing could ruffle, did he speak upon it ! His acquirements indeed were amazing. There was scarcely a hill in his native country—a castle, ruin, or locality of any description, if associated with any historical reminiscence, with which he was not acquainted. Go to China, and you would imagine he had ne-

ver done anything else than read Chinese history, and study Chinese manners. With oriental policy, and the relative position of European states, and the balance of power between them, he was perfectly at home.

His heart too, was as pure and as easily touched as the drop of dew on a blade of grass. Of Irish music, his love was more a passion than anything else; but, indeed, the noble enthusiasm which diffused itself through all his being, was one of the most conspicuous and beautiful traits in his whole character.

In private society, though the most delightful of all companions, yet Thomas Davis was no conversationist, and in general, whenever an individual set himself forward to enlighten the company, and make them as wise as himself, he was silent, or if he did utter an observation, it was one which laughingly opened up such a view of the topic treated of, and so far beyond the speaker's depth, as made the individual feel in an instant that he knew but little of the subject he was handling. No, his conversation consisted of truths which seemed apparently simple at the time he uttered them, but they clung to you—they grew in you, until they filled your whole mind with knowledge, or your whole heart with a love of goodness; yes, every word was plain

as an acorn, but the oak was in it. Indeed it was impossible to approach him or to speak to him, without feeling that his society and conversation made you a better man. This accounts for the power with which he disarmed even the strong political prejudices that surrounded him, and for the success with which he was fast establishing a broad national basis on which all those who loved their country, casting aside the bigotry of party, might generously meet and forget every thing but that they were Irishmen.

But, alas! he is now gone, and there is none to replace him. Had it pleased God, in his inscrutable wisdom, to have spared him to us, it is impossible to over-estimate the good he would have conferred upon Ireland in a hundred ways. How much has her literature—how much have her native arts—how much has the national mind—in a word, how much has the country at large, whose resources in every sense, his intellect, prodigal of generous and practicable expedients, would have called forth—how much, I say, have they all lost? And who is there now to stand, like the genius of generous feeling and unanimity, between the bad passions of party, and swear, as the Angel did, of *Time*, that there shall be *strife* between them no longer?

Oh no!—his brief life and appearance here

were not a thing of ordinary being, but a miracle and a mystery ; and such is the general impression among all those who knew him. They meet with bursting hearts—with eyes that gush with tears, and they ask each other whether it be not a dream—whether he whom all loved, who was the centre of all affections—the earnest, the accomplished, the honest, the truthful, the gentle, the modest, the wonderful—whether he, who only a few weeks ago, smiled his wisdom and his truth into our eyes and our hearts, is now—only a name. Alas ! the sun shines and we note it not ; but let the eclipse come, and we fear and tremble. Over his glory has come the eclipse of death, and we fear, and tremble, and weep. But we cannot believe it. Our hearts were not prepared for such a sudden and dreadful loss, and they (our hearts) go on, loving and cherishing him as if he were alive and not taken from amongst us ; and it is not without an effort that we are able, imaged as his smiling and earnest face is in our memories, to turn back into the desolation of our spirits, and find that there is nothing there but the bitter consciousness that, in this life at least, we shall see him no more.

That he was my friend, earnest and sincere—ready to guide me by his wisdom and the im-

pulses of his honest heart, is at once my pride and my sorrow. Only on one question did we differ. On every other, connected with the welfare, the improvement, the education, the enlightenment, and the independence of our common country, we fully agreed.

I throw out these impressions of mine hastily, for I am limited both as to space and time; but, before I close, I have only to say that, among those who knew him, of all parties and all shades of politics, I find that when we meet and talk of him, there is nothing of good to be remembered that could be added to his perfect character—unless we may have been forced to grant, that if there were anything approaching to a fault, it was his singular modesty. What, then, must have been the man, when we, in discussing his mental and personal qualities, were forced to fall back upon *that* as the only *failing* which we could place against his genius, his principles, and his virtues.

Moved by his example, I have endeavoured to make the following sketch useful to my countrymen. If the perusal of it shall succeed in banishing from among them, and from among many of my countrywomen also, such habits of indolence and want of cleanliness as I have

satirized, I shall feel that I have been the humble means of rendering an important service to my country. 'Tis true, the picture of Paddy Go-easy, and his farm, is not a pleasing one; but, we all know that medicine, when we are ill and forced to take it, is anything but agreeable, and yet it relieves us, and restores us to health. In writing the sketch of Paddy, my object was to inculcate habits of industry, punctuality, cleanliness, comfort, intelligence, and that principle of social progress which the landlords of Ireland have never or seldom made any earnest attempt to develop among their tenantry, unless when shackled by conditions which neutralized it, and prevented them, without a violation of conscience, from claiming it as a rightful privilege, to which no restriction either political or religious should be annexed.

Let it be observed, that if I have held up Paddy as a scarecrow, I have also held up his wife as an example; and, if the principle of neglect and indolence set forth in the one shall be avoided, and that of industry and activity in the other imitated, I shall have fully accomplished my purpose.

With a view of making the book as serviceable as possible, I have annexed a short appendix

upon agricultural and other matters connected with the house, farm, and farmyard, which, I trust, those who reside in remote districts will find to be beneficial.

Dublin, October 28th, 1845.

PARRA SASTHA;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF PADDY GO-EASY.

CHAPTER I.

PADDY'S PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FILIAL AFFECTION.

WE need scarcely inform our readers that the Sasthas, or Go-easies constitute a very numerous class of Irishmen ; indeed much more so than any one not intimately acquainted with the country could suppose. They are of that active and provident race who are remarkable for always being what is termed "a day after the fair;" who are certain to be just "in time to be late;" and who are known to be extremely punctual in "locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen."

Young Paddy Go-easy, who is to be the lively hero of the following pages, may be said to have ranked, after his father's death, as the head of the family, and the exponent of its principles and practices in life. He possessed the virtues of his class, just recited, in absolute perfection ; and indeed it might be said of him, that in scarcely a single undertaking of any importance to himself, during his whole life, was he ever known to be

within time in accomplishing it, or we should rather say in attempting to do so. This, to be sure, need not be wondered at by our readers, when they come to know the purity of Paddy's blood, and the extremely high character borne by his family on both sides for indolence and inactivity.

Paddy's father, any more than himself, did not allow the virtues of his name and blood to degenerate in his person ; and his mother, who also belonged to the Sastha name, though not to the breed—for though namesakes they had not been related—was a daughter of old Jemmy Sastha's—that is, of old Jemmy Content's—for such is the English of the name, was a strong instance of the well-known proverb, that *like will lean to like*. How our hero's father and she managed their courtship, and conducted it, is not exactly within the scope of our task to explain; it is enough to say that, after a characteristic negotiation of fourteen years, they at length found themselves man and wife ; a circumstance which was known to their neighbours and relatives for a considerable space of time before they seemed to have been aware of it themselves.

Old Paddy had a farm consisting of one hundred and thirty acres of prime land, at about three and fourpence an acre. In fact it was a most valuable property, if in any other hands except those of the Go-easy family. But as we have to do with the son, and not with the sire, we shall only here pause to say, that it was extremely difficult for our hero to shine in any other virtues than those which distinguished his name. The lad, to be sure, was dutiful, and deemed

himself bound not only to honour his father and mother, but also to imitate them, and practise their virtues. To be sure this to Paddy was no great sacrifice; for as these virtues consisted in an unbroken, consistent, and persevering course of hard smoking on the part of both, he felt his compliance with them to be any thing but a forcing of his inclinations.

When his father, for instance, got up in the morning, the first thing he did was to go to the fire that had been raked over night, and turning aside the greeshaugh with the *muddhia bristhia*, or wooden tongs, which consisted of a piece of stick broken *near* the middle, so as to allow one side to be about three or four inches longer than the other, and taking a half-burnt turf by the end, crush his pipe against it, and thus commence the proper business of the day. His wife, on the other hand, no sooner got out of her bed, than she planted herself on her hunkers at the afore-said fire, and lifting a coal in the tongs, that is, about half way up near the centre of it, sat there applying it to her pipe, which she sucked with a degree of earnestness and zeal that did her honour; her head all the time leant a little to the one side, to betoken the pure luxury of her enjoyment. From this until the hour of going to bed the said pipe was mostly in the jaws of either one or other of them; for at that period there was never more than one pipe used in a family at the same time. This was generally a *dudeen*, or short cutty pipe which circulated from hand to hand, like the old Irish methem that went much in the same cleanly way from mouth to mouth.

We have mentioned the protracted nature of the courtship between our hero's parents ; but it is due to old Paddy to say, that any thing of that description, so quick and rapid, had seldom or never been known to occur in the family. One and twenty years generally constituted the period requisite for the Go-easies to reach the honours of matrimony ; that is to say, with the exception of old Paddy himself, there was never a man of them known to marry sooner than from forty-two to fifty. Indeed his marriage occasioned a good deal of dissatisfaction in the family, not, to be sure, in consequence of any specific objection they had against Sally Sastha, but simply on account of its precipitancy and rashness.

"I never knew," said his uncle, "of any thing done hastily to prosper as it ought."

"No," said another friend, "nor I ; what a devil of a hurry he was in to make such hot work of it, as if she was the last girl to be had in Europe. Throth there's one thing I can tell you, Paddy, an' that is, that if you've done nothin' else, you've set a bad example to the family. May God pardon you for it!"

"An' whin his own childre 'ill come to hear of it," added a third—"that is, if ever they'll have any—how can he hope that they'll respect him as they ought, or any man that set them so foolish a pattrern? sure he has made a bad parable of himself for ever in the face of the wide world."

Now, in vindication of Paddy's youthful indiscretion in this matter—if indiscretion it was—we feel it our duty to mention a circumstance to our readers, which is strongly calculated to limi

nish the nature of his offence. Our hero's mother, Sally Sastha, being a kind of sleepy Venus in her way, was very much admired by several young fellows in the neighbourhood. One of them, named Gusty Gastha,* from his general activity and liveliness in every thing he did and said, was reported to have made a rather favourable impression on Sally—a circumstance which, when it reached his ears, occasioned Paddy to accelerate his motions, much to his own mortification. Whether she felt a *penchant* for Gusty Gastha or not, was never properly ascertained; but be that as it may, she became Paddy Go-easy's wife, although there were certainly some hints thrown out by Gusty's friends, that he might have put Paddy's nose out of joint, had he wished it. These occasioned many bickerings and some battles between the families, which gradually grew into greater strength and enmity, until they found themselves opposed to each other with all the senseless and implacable bitterness of faction.

Our hero, with the example of such parents before his eyes, was likely to imbibe principles that were not calculated to disgrace the family. His father went about the house or farm with his pipe in his mouth from morning to night, and his mother sat at the fire, or upon the hob similarly engaged, but, neither of them did any earthly thing besides. The labouring men in the fields were left to their own way,—their master troubled not his head about them: if they

* Gastha—swift.

did anything right, well and good, if the other way, he was the unconscious sufferer. His mother, on the other hand, was equally silent and equally indifferent to domestic matters. She appeared to be perpetually in a state of abstraction or reverie, and not altogether conscious of every thing that took place about her. Whether this was the result of indolent habits long impressed upon and suffered to enfeeble the character,—or whether it proceeded from a consciousness of possessing all the rude comforts of life without the trouble of providing them,—or whether their natural slothfulness was still increased by the incessant use of that pernicious narcotic, tobacco, matters not. There they went about silent, careless, and passive, as indifferent to their own affairs and their own interests, as if they were supported by the charity of their very servants.

Our hero, who by the way was an only son, had three sisters; and although nature, at least in point of physical gifts, had done much for them, yet they presented, when grouped together, such a specimen of neglect and dirt, and such an utter ignorance of the necessity of cleanliness, as was painful to contemplate. Paddy, though sluggish like his father, and loose, and heavy, and scattery in his figure, was, as such persons usually are, remarkable for size of bone and sinew, and the possession of much slumbering strength if called into action. His sisters somewhat resembled their mother, being naturally healthy-looking, well-made, straight-limbed, clean-skinned girls, but so thoroughly disguised by

the neglect of soap and water, and disregard of their apparel, that it was difficult to say what they resembled. Their naturally rich fair hair was so completely matted about their unwashed faces that one would imagine a comb had never been seen, much less heard of in the country. Their frocks were in seams, but, not the trace of a needle and thread visible about them.—Some of them went barefooted, and others wore shoes and stockings that it would have been more creditable to want. And yet one could not help admiring the healthy-looking and symmetrical legs, the finely-rounded arms, and the well-turned busts that were thus so shamefully neglected. No thought was taken for this, and none at all for the necessity of their education. Their parents felt not the want of these things themselves, and they consequently never dreamt that they were indispensable to that reasonable condition of respectability, self-reliance, domestic comfort, and moral progress, which it is the duty of every Irishman and Irishwoman, no matter how humble their situation in the world may be, to endeavour to reach.

Young Paddy's trim was equally significant of the enlightened principles upon which the family had always acted. No human being ever saw a whole good suit of clothes upon him together. If he had a new coat he was certain to be out at elbows elsewhere. If his breeches were good, then they were a bitter libel on the coat; and so was it with respect to hat, shoes, and stockings. All this of course proceeded from the negligence as well as ignorance of his parents, and their natural indolence of character.

If a neighbour, for instance, happened to call in the evening, the circumstance has not unfrequently given rise to some such dialogue as the following :—

“ God save you, Paddy.”

Paddy—(*Puff.*) “ God save your kindly, Mick.”

Mick—“ An’ Sally, how are you this evenin’?”

“ Throth I can’t complain, Mick; sure, any how, where’s the use o’ complainin’, barrin’ we fly in the face of God, glory be to his name! It’s our duty to be contint; and sure God has been good to us, blessed be his name agin! Paddy, do you mane to suck that pipe all evenin’—give us a dhraw of it, *ahagur.*”

Paddy takes the pipe out of his mouth, and, after having pressed the point of the shank against the inside of his left cuff, he draws a long placid breath, and hands it over to her.

“ You don’t smoke, Mick,” he adds, addressing Mick.

Sally—(*Puff.*) “ Och, to be sure he doesn’t, *ahagur*—an it’s well for you, Mick—for in throth the want of the git o’ tobaccy is a thryin’ thing; but then agin, sure it keeps the mind continted and aisy when one has it.”

“ That’s the thruth, Sally,” replies the husband; “ that an’ a little sup o’ punch of an odd time, along wid a bit to ait, an’ where’s the use o’ complainin’?”

Mick—“ Why that’s thrue; but still it ’ud be good to get on in the world a little, if one could.”

Sally—“ Avourneen—(*puff*)—avourneen—(*puff, puff*)—Mick, if we’re as well as our betthers that wint afore us we’ll be safe enough;

I hope they're happy,—(*puff*)—happy any way; an' if we go in their steps we ought to be satisfied"—(*puff*).

"It's sinse she's spaikin', Mick—an' let her alone for comin' at the thruth of a thing."

Sally—"Why, doesn't the thing stand to reason; sure the Lord save us if we're as well to do as thim—Kitty, *ahagur*, bring me a stalk o' heather from the besom till I rid this weary pipe, it's stopped wid me."

Mick—"Thry a knittin' needle, it's betther than the heather, for that's apt to brake in it."

Sally—"It sometimes is, Mick; but sorra knittin' needle's undher the roof wid me this fortnight past; the girls of this house, big and little, young and ould, would desthroy a ship load o' needles, or of anything else indeed, they're so wasteful. But, poor crathurs, sure there is no use in bein' angry wid them; don't we know that knittin' needles won't last for ever, no more than anything else. Plague on it for a sprig, it won't do at all."

Paddy—"You'll have to burn it out, Sally; put the pipe in the coals and burn it red."

"Ay, but it takes away the fine ould smack o' the tobaccy and gives it a bitther taste; howan-diver we must thry it any way; here, Paddy, do you burn it for me;—ay indeed, Mick, as I was sayin', sure if we're as well to do as them that wint afore us, I don't think we ought to complain."

Mick—"It often struck me, Paddy, that you ought to have them fine childre' of yours at school. Sure if you don't send them soon it'll be too late;

it's husbands, begad, they'll be havin' to morrow or next day. By the laws, you needn't giggle, Nancy, its truth I'm spakin'; and then here's young Paddy the blade will soon be a bachelor on our hands. In airnest now, why don't you send them all out o' this off to school wid themselves?"

Paddy—"I'm not sayin' against the schoolin', Mick; we ought to 'a'sent them before now—however, it's not too late yet—they have now sinse an' must make up for lost time."

Sally—"As for all the riches ever they'll have, they'll be able to count it widout much book larnin', I'm thinkin'. Arra, what do the likes o' these girls want with book larnin'? Is myself a thraneen the worse of wantin' it, or Paddy there aither?"

Paddy—"The sorra one o' myself ever felt the want of it, sure enough; but, still as other people's sending their childre' to school, we'll give ours a heat at it, till we see what it'll do for them."

"Ay, but when? for to my own knowledge you're sayin' that for years; now, come here, Peggy," he added, addressing one of the girls, all of whom were wondering at this almost incomprehensible topic of education—the girl, on being spoken to, clutched one arm round the jamb wall, and hanging down her head, clapped her forefinger in her mouth.

"Hould up your head, *ahagur*," said her mother, "hould up your head and take your finger out of your mouth, and spake to Mick Mooney."

THE HISTORY OF PADDY GO-EASY.

Mick—"Peggy, *achora!* would you like to go to school?"

Peggy hung down her head still more, and got her finger fairly between her teeth, but gave no answer.

"Why but you spake to the dacent man?" said her father. "Hould up your head, *a colleen*—she's a little dashed, Mick, before strangers; but, if you wor to hear her an' the rest when your back's turned—it's then she'll have voice and tongue enough. Come, *acushla*, spake up."

"Come, Peggy, my good girl," said Mick, "sure you'd not be afeard or ashamed o' *me*; tell me now would you like to go to school? eh! what's that?"

The girl had here got her chin fairly on her breast, and with very considerable difficulty forced herself to say, in a voice barely audible, "I don't know."

"Well, then, tell me, *alanna*," proceeded Mick, "would you like to get a good husband? may be you know that?"

The handsome, but smutted features of the fine girl—now about fifteen—began to move—by and by her red lips expanded, and out came an inexpressible cackle of a laugh, whilst Peggy, her face blushing like crimson, bounded away to the corner where her sisters had been assembled during Mick's cross-examination. Here she thrust her head in among them so as to conceal it altogether. Her reception, however, was anything but generous, for her sisters, now bursting with suppressed laughter, attempted to turn her away from among them, and kept nipping her ribs and

thumping her shoulders, whilst every now and then they looked at Mick, and renewed their laughter. Peggy, equally affected with risibility, returned their pinches and thumpings with interest, especially, whenever they exclaimed, "Oh, Peggy!" accompanied by a fresh burst of bashful, but uncontrollable mirth.

"Paddy," said the wife, addressing her husband, "thry if the *dudeen's* cleared—whisht, childre'—an' put in a grain o' that fresh pigtail that you gat in Pether Muckitee's, till we thry it."

"An' what will you do wid Paddy here?" persisted Mick. "If he's to get any schoolin' at all, begoxty it's time he should be at it."

"Throth you're right, Mick," replied his father—"we'll give him a lick at it at any rate, jist that he may know the taste of it when it comes across him."

"It's all great talk," observed his mother; "but the sorra much good I can see in schoolin' for the likes of uz—we're not goin' to keep shops or turn marchints, nor to get our jaunтин' car like the quality; if we wor, maybe a little schoolin' might sarve us—but, as we're not, divil a use I see in it. For the matther o' that, the same schoolin's apt enough to rise people's minds from their business, an' to make them cock their horn up wid pride and impidence like them Gormlys, that's turnin' out buckeens an' bodaghs in the face o' the whole counthry."

"Well," proceeded Mick, who had determined on getting something as near to a direct answer

as possible, "what do you say about Paddy? when is he to attack 'The Readamedaisy?'"

"Sally, *achora*, when will you have ready the cloth for Paddy's new jock? As soon as it is ready we'll think of sendin' him."

Mick, who perfectly well knew the characteristic history of his wardrobe, rose to depart—feeling assured, that if the boy's chance of receiving education depended upon the contingency of their having all the component parts of his dress good at the same time, he was never likely to astonish the world as a scholar.

"Arra, Sally," again asked his father, "won't you tell us, *achora*, when you'll get home the frieze for his new jock?"

"Why, thin, I promised to go to the Tuckmill for it on Saturday three weeks," she replied, "but the sorra thought of it ever came into my head. I'll send Paddy himself, maybe, in the coorse of a day or two."

"I hope so," replied Mick, "an' I know you'll be quick about it too—well, God be wid yez, any way, for you're altogether the liveliest family I know."

Mick accordingly departed. Paddy and Sally resumed their alternate attacks upon the pipe; and young Paddy's education, together with that of his sister's, was left exclusively to the energy of those excellent intentions which are said to be used as paving stones in the dominions of a certain personage, who for the present shall be nameless.

We merely detail these few incidents for the purpose of showing our readers the singularly

felicitous advantages which our worthy hero was so fortunate as to enjoy, and which, as the reader will perceive *in the sequel*, as the good old term went, he improved in a manner so creditable and ultimately so beneficial to himself.

Thus did the father of our hero and his wife spend their lives—indifferent to the world and its affairs—idle, lazy, slothful ; careless of their own interests, negligent of the welfare of their children, with no thought for the concerns of time, and equally dead to the momentous consideration of eternity. All, however, must die. In the course of years Sally disappeared from the Lazy Corner, which was the appropriate name of their residence. Her husband's heart was too sluggish to experience any thing like deep or vehement sorrow. Any inconvenience he may have felt by her loss resulted from force of habit, and in this sense only was he able to bring himself to a complete consciousness that she was gone. He missed her, in fact, not as a wife, but as a smoking companion ; for when he had taken his *shough* of the pipe, he was observed for many a day after her death to unconsciously extend his hand with the pipe in it, as if he expected her to receive it ; and it was also well known, that so long as he lived he never omitted buying her regular portion of tobacco, which he also smoked during the week on discovering his mistake. These circumstances were sufficient to prove that his heart was by no means deficient in natural affection, and this was the case ; but the fact was that he had not energy of character sufficient to rouse it into action. His

death was felt by his family with much the same description of sorrow that he himself had manifested for Sally. They stared about them ; wondered that they could neither see nor hear him as usual, and then began to remember that he was dead.

Our hero now found himself absolutely the head of the family, and, as became him, his first act was to lay in a good stock of tobacco, and his next, one of duty to the memory of his father ; for, as regarding his other parent, she had been so long dead, that the narrow limits of his mind were not capable of comprehending both. He consequently never thought of her ; but, in the meantime, as some one had suggested to him that it would be a becoming act to put a tomb-stone over his father's grave, he accordingly formed some vague determination to do so. With this view he called on a stone-cutter in the neighbourhood, named Lanty Dooin, and, with pipe in mouth, opened his purpose to him in the following pithy and characteristic piece of dialogue :—

“Morrow !”

“Morrow, Paddy ; how are you all at home ?”

“Bravely.”

“Is Lazy Corner still in the same place ?”

“What ?”

“Is Lazy Corner still in the same place, I'm axin' ?”

“Are you ?”

“Blood, man, don't you hear I am ?”

“Don't I ?”

“Yis ; I'm axin' you is Lazy Corner still in the same place ?”

" Well, I know you are ; here, will you have a *dhraw* ?"

" To be sure I will."

" That's Muckitee's pigtail, sure."

" It's famous tobaccy, Paddy."

" What ?"

" It's famous tobaccy."

" It is that."

" Any news about the Lazy Corner ?"

" It's the same length as my father's."

" What is ?"

" The pipe ; I measured it."

" You did now !"

" I did."

" Begad you're a wondherful man, Paddy. Any deaths or marriages goin' ?"

" What ?"

" Any deaths or marriages in your neighbourhood ?"

" Eh ?"

" I suppose much about the same number as usual ?"

" Tell me ?"

" Well."

" Oh ay, jist about the same number as usual."

" What am I to tell you, dhough ?"

" Why, in throth, I had something to say to you, an' sorrow one of it but's gone out o' my head."

" No matther, it's only gone to take a stretch of exercise, as the day's fine."

" It is, glory be to God ! Well, God be wid you, Lanty, an' take care of yourself. Come over *ahailyec* some evening."

"Never fear I will."

Having thus made arrangements for the contemplated tombstone, Paddy leisurely smoked his way home again to Lazy Corner. About eighteen months or so had elapsed; several visits had been made, and many dialogues, bearing with equal significance upon the contemplated project, had taken place, when at length the erection of the tombstone was accidentally understood by Lanty to have been the object in view with our hero during that period. Nothing, however, in the shape of specific instructions upon the subject could Lanty get from him, and he consequently took it very naturally for granted that the idea would die away out of his mind, and be ultimately forgotten. Now, it was about this precise period that death removed the old rival of his father, whom we have named Parra Gastha or Paddy Swift; and *his* relatives, also moved by respect for his memory, gave orders to Lanty to prepare a tombstone, with a suitable inscription or epitaph, for in country places these are usually left to the choice or taste of the artificer. In due time this circumstance reached Paddy's ears, and he again recurred to his project with more energy than ever he had displayed during his whole life. He accordingly clapped his pipe in his mouth, and, like a vessel nearly becalmed, dropped down to his friend Lanty's. Now it so happened that Lanty himself had been then and for some time afterwards engaged at the erection of a new court-house in the town of O——, but he had engaged a man from Carnmore to pay attention to his business at home, and see that every thing

was kept right in his absence. This man, who happened to be a stranger to both parties, was working at the tombstone when Paddy arrived, and broached the following spirited conversation.

"Morrow, neighbour!"

"~~Morrow~~ kindly."

"Working away?"

"Ay, working away; in this world there's no rest for the wicked."

This was followed by a considerable pause on the part of Paddy, who was at the moment in one of those fits of abstraction that he inherited from his parents. At length, after pulling away at his pipe for a couple of minutes, he put the following significant query to the workman.

"Eh?"

The man raised his head and looked at him—"What?" continued Paddy.

"I was sayin'," replied the man, "that there's no rest for the wicked in this world."

"Where's Lanty?"

"He's down at the new court-house in O——."

"Do you think we'll have frost?"

"Frost!" exclaimed the man with surprise—"is it jokin' you are, an' it a bitter black frost this week past?"

"Will you have a *dhraw*?"

"Throth I will an' thankey—sure it'll warm my nose at any rate, that's likely to drop off me."

"That's Muckitee's pigtail, sure."

"Indeed one might know it, by the way it warms the blood. Muckitee's the man that can make the tobaccy in style."

"When will he be home?"

"Who?"

"Lanty."

"Not sooner ~~than to-morrow~~ fortnight."

"He is the boy can ~~twist it~~—I buy all mine from him."

"All what?"

"If you see him tell him I'll pay two prices for it—if he wishes."

"For what?"

"I never buy less than a pound at a time—indeed he is the boy can twist it."

"Finish what, man alive?"

"The tombstone. Tell him I'll pay him two prices for it rather than not get it."

"Faith, I think it's lookin' for yourself you ought to be this mornin'; as for my part I think there's a pair of you; for if ever a man was beside himself, you are."

"There *is* a pair of us. Tell me?"

"Well."

"You have the letthers on, I see."

"Some o' them—not all. You are his son, I suppose?"

"Ay am I. Have you these words in it? This stone was put up by his—his—what ought I to say?"

"This stone was erected by his dutiful and affectionate son, Paddy Go-easy. You are his step-son then?"

"Whisht, man, to be sure—let me see. Say the words again."

"This stone was erected by his dutiful and affectionate son, Paddy Go-easy."

"That'll do. Put them words to it and all's

right. Tell him I'll pay him two prices if he wishes."

"The man doesn't want two prices."

"When can we put it up?"

"Other morrow mornin', if you wish."

To this the only reply Paddy gave was, by opening his mouth to its utmost extent, and bursting into an explosion of laughter so amazingly loud that the man was startled by it. He once more looked up and exclaimed, "Be my sowl, neighbour, that's one way of ordherin' a tombstone for your father. How dutiful you are! Faith, if that's sorrow, it's the first time ever I seen it so comical. Is your mother alive?"

"No. Ha, ha, ha."

"Good again; faith, you'll do; an' why wouldn't you put *her* name along wid your step-father's?"

"Don't bother me, man—maybe we'll get one for herself some o' these days; ha, ha, ha! God be wid you—ha, ha, ha! We'll put it up other morrow mornin', plaise God! ha, ha, ha!"

He then took his departure, breaking out from time to time, as he went along, into such extraordinary laughter-claps, if one may coin a word, that the man having looked after him for some time exclaimed—"There you go, my codger; but I say he would be a bright fellow that could screw a grain of common sense either into your head or out of it.

Now, we think the sagacious reader may give a tolerably shrewd guess at the cause of Paddy's mirth; but lest his sagacity might fail him, we beg to state that it was occasioned by his satis-

faction at having secured the tombstone from his old enemies, the Gasthas or Swifts.

Paddy, as usual, forgot to put it up on the morning appointed; but in a week afterwards the church-yard of Knockdrimna presented on the market-day of that village a very singular and mirthful sight. Crowds were flocking to a particular spot in the eastern corner, where stood a newly-erected tombstone, bearing the following inscription:—

Here lie the Remains of
PATRICK SWIFT, OF GALLOPING-GREEN.

Who departed this life

On Thursday, the 14th of February, 1812.

THIS MONUMENT

Was erected to his blessed memory,

By his dutiful and affectionate Son,

PADDY GO-EASY, OF LAZY CORNER.*

Requiescat in pace.

Independently of the bitter libel against the character and memory of his own virtuous mother which this comical monument presented, it had also the merit of occasioning many a hard and well-fought battle between the Swifts and Go-easies for years afterwards. The Swifts, who one might imagine would have felt most deeply the indignity of having their father's monument placed over the grave of his enemy and rival, thought little of this in comparison of what they looked upon as the indelible and burning

* A fact.

disgrace of his being publicly obliged, as it were, to acknowledge Paddy Go-easy as his son.

It is unnecessary to say that after having remained there long enough to amuse the whole parish, it was at length taken down and destroyed, much to the dissatisfaction of the public, who never wanted a subject of mirth whilst it stood.

CHAPTER II.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE AND FARM TO WHICH
PADDY SUCCEEDED BY THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

WE have already said that old Paddy's farm consisted of about a hundred and thirty acres of prime land, at the almost nominal rent of three and fourpence an acre. This, to any man of common skill, industry, or enterprise, or to any one not besotted by the force of old and ignorant habits regarding domestic and agricultural usages, would, in fact, have been an estate of considerable value. The Go-easy family, however, were such absolute non-conductors of all those principles that involve the necessity of knowledge or improvement, that neither could come at them. No, no; so far as those progressive principles that advance human comfort and happiness were concerned, the Go-easies were beyond all danger of improvement, and ran no earthly risk of being made either better or wiser by the influence of knowledge. Such was the reverence they entertained for their predecessors that they would have deemed it an act of profanation against their memory to have gone a single step out of the ignorance and prejudices in which they had lived. Nor was this all. The moment that any neighbour, acting under the reasonable impulse of

common sense, availed himself of a new improvement in the implements or practice of husbandry, that moment did the whole clan of the Go-easies assail him with all the bitterness of ignorant and antiquated ridicule :

“ Arra, did you hear the news ?”

“ No : what is it ?”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha !—throth I can scarcely tell you for laughin’ ; oh, death alive ! what will this world come to at all at all ?—ha ! ha ! ha !”

“ Sorra’s in you, will you stop an’ let us hear it ; what is it ?”

“ Och sure the heart in me’s bruk this whole mornin’ ever since I hard it—ha ! ha ! ha !”

“ Faith, an’ whatever it is, you’re bent it seems on keepin’ it to yourself, at any rate.”

“ Why then—ha ! ha ! ha ! I’ll tell you—sure Dinny Delap has got an *Iron Plough*, no less ; wouldn’t put up like his neighbours wid a wooden one—ha ! ha ! ha ! There’s grandeur for you. Only think of Denny Delap and an iron plough.”

“ Oh, by the elevens, is it jokin’ you are ?—ha ! ha ! ha ! an iron plough ; is it Denny Delap over the river there—plain little Dinny that has the cast in his eye ?”

“ Ay, divil a’ other ; the same little Dinny and the cast in his eye ; the same dirty little scrub that laughed at me for harrowin’ part o’ my oats wid a thorn bush an’ a stone on it.”

“ Well, divil sich a piece of impidence I’ve heerd this month o’ Sundays—oh, ha ! ha ! By the boot, we’ll roast him for that, any way, the up-settin’ little vagabone—jist as if he was betther than his neighbours. Faith, it’s well come up in-

deed wid the poor *sprissaun* to give himself sich airs, as if them that he knows to be his betthers couldn't do well enough wid a good honest wooden plough instead of an iron one."

"Be my sowl an' he'll sup sorrow for the same plough, as far as makin' him an' it the standin' joke o' the whole counthry goes."

Such was the reception which any thing connected with domestic or agricultural improvement was certain to receive from the Go-easy family, not one of whom was capable of comprehending an enlightened principle on any subject whatsoever, especially if it happened to go beyond the old stated land-marks of their own ignorance, or transgress the dark and limited range of their experience.

It was only necessary to take a glance at Paddy's house and farm-yard, or at the farm itself, during any period of the year, to be able to form an accurate opinion of the neatness, order, and cleanliness which prevailed in his whole establishment. Before we proceed, however, to give our readers a faint outline of these matters, it is due, we think, to honest Paddy himself that we should attempt at least to place before them a sketch of his dress and person, and to show how beautifully they harmonized with the appearance and condition of his property.

Paddy, then, as we have said, was a large, loose, big-boned young fellow, with fair hair, white beetling eye-brows, and a wofully blank expression of face in general. His motions were all slow, his steps long, and his whole system heavy and sluggish to the last degree, and had always been so

upon every occasion in life, with one single exception. From the moment he was able to undertake a man's work, it was observed that, when he and the other labourers were called from the fields to their meals, he distanced all competition on their way home. How one, on all other occasions so utterly difficult to be put in motion, could exhibit on this occasion the speed and agility of the greyhound, joined to the sagacity of the fox, is a problem which *we*, at least, cannot undertake to solve. We only state the fact that, on their way home to breakfast or dinner, he went uniformly at the pace of a first-rate "Thorough-bred" winning the great St. Leger. Every light has its shade, however, and sorry are we to be forced, in the truthful discharge of our duty, to mention, as a heavy set off against this miraculous alacrity, the tortoise pace with which, having swallowed his meals, he returned again to his labour. If there was something startling and wonderful in his speed towards his victuals, so was there also something unique, perhaps we might almost say, sublime, in the indescribable and exquisite slothfulness of march with which he returned from them. In fact, a thief going to the gallows would have distanced him with the greatest ease ; and if the well-known proverb could be verified—that a certain old gentleman were permitted to take the hindmost, it is a sure thing that, at a very early period of his life, our hero would have been fast in his clutches.

Paddy's dress maintained its early character to the last, no two parts of it being either good or bad at the same time. He always wore a grey

frieze great coat, which, big as we have described him to be, was much too large for him. This coat always hung off one of his shoulders, and he has been sometimes known to twist up that shoulder with some remote intention of raising the collar to its proper place ; but during his whole life no one ever could observe that he put his hand to it for that purpose. His shirt, which was no great shakes as a pattern either in cleanliness or make, he always wore open about the throat, exposing his broad red sunburnt breast, except of a Sunday, when he thrust a large corker pin transversely across the neck of it, which stuck up stiff as leather about his ears, giving him more the appearance of a thief looking out of the pillory than anything else we can now remember. And indeed he himself felt conscious that he was by no means at large on those occasions, nor in a capacity to enjoy a competent share of civil freedom, so long as he was thus a prisoner in his own shirt. For this reason, then, no sooner was Mass over of a Sunday, or at least that limited portion of its conclusion which was the most that ever fell to his share, and he returning home, than he took the pin out, and thrusting it into his cuff, pursued his journey home like a free and independent man. As to his breeches, it was during his whole life a piece of unnecessary labour and expense to have put buttons or button-holes to the knees of them, inasmuch as honest Paddy would as soon think of taking to the highway at once as of buttoning them. One solitary button kept his waistcoat together, after a fashion ; but on no occasion was

he ever known to have a garter on each leg, and, consequently, we need not say that one of his stockings, or in general both, were always about his feet. If he got a new hat on Monday morning, a person would imagine about the middle of the week, that it had been an old acquaintance of his; and, indeed, he stood in a similar category with respect to his shoes, which, during the winter months, were always well *foddered* with straw, as might be known by the long stalks of it that projected up about his ancles, for he never took the trouble either to pull or cut them away.

Having thus endeavoured to give the reader some notion of his dress and personal appearance, it is now time to inspect his dwelling-house, out-offices, and farm-yard in general. The house itself was large and roomy, containing, as it did, a spacious kitchen, a parlour to the left as you entered, and a bedroom beyond it. To this we must add another room off the kitchen to the right, with a bedroom attached to that again, as in the parlour. In other words, there were two rooms on each side of the kitchen. There was also a loft over the last rooms, to which access was had by a movable step-ladder, which reached up to a door that opened to it in the inside gable.

The first thing that struck the eye on entering, was a large forked beam that propped the broken side of a cupple in the roof; and the nose was gratified by a very heterogeneous and indescribable odour, compounded of villanous smells—among which predominated those of stale chamberlye and rotten buttermilk, garnished with a

strong tincture of that heavy and sickening exhalation which proceeds from greasy wool kept in a close place. Paddy's sisters, the Misses Go-easy, together with Paddy himself and the whole family, had been so much accustomed to these smells, that they were unconscious of their existence. The Misses Go-easy, indeed, managed their churn and all other domestic vessels somewhat upon the principle of Dean Swift's servant, who, when desired one winter's morning, to clean his master's boots, replied that it was unnecessary to do so, as they would be immediately dirty again. At all events, the churn was constantly covered inside with the old undisturbed wreck of buttermilk, that was as offensive to the eye as it was to the nostril. The settle was unhinged, and lay half closed, or half open, if you like, with a dog and a couple of cats snoring in the bed which it contained. Our readers have often heard of musical boxes and musical instruments of various kinds; but it was only in the Go-easy family that musical chairs could be seen and heard to perfection. In fact, there was scarcely anything complete; the evidences of negligence, and the utter disregard to cleanliness or comfort, were impressed upon every article of furniture about you. The floor was broken up into large hollows into which the dirt of the house was daily swept for the purpose of filling them up. The large family pot wanted an ear; but as they could not dispense with its use, they ingeniously tied a piece of rope about the mouth of it, and in consequence one or more of them ran the risk of being scalded to death once a week, that is, as

soon as the rope became scorched, or was burned by the mounting blaze of the turf. The kitchen tables also had a strong tendency to music, and would have rivalled the chairs, were it not that the greasy dirt which ought to have been washed off them got into the joints and crevices, and prevented them from creaking. The plates and dishes were, with few exceptions, in a state of mutilation. The large wooden bowl in which the stirabout, flummery, and colcanon, were put for the family meals lay in halves on the dresser, and was used by having the said halves supported together by a prop on each side, reminding one of a hooker propped on the beach when the tide is out. Half the lid of the salt box was gone ; and the compound which came out of it, being one-half soot, gave it very much the appearance of pepper and salt in every thing but taste. The Misses Go-easy, however, having heard from their worthy mother, whom they looked upon and remembered as an oracle and a precious model of domestic knowledge, that soot was wholesome and strengthened the stomach, would not for any consideration take the trouble of getting the lid repaired, from an apprehension of disturbing the sanatory statistics of the family ; for in their own way they may be said to have reduced ignorance to a science.

In truth, everything in the house had such a slothful, negligent, and dirty appearance as made, or was enough to make, any one who looked upon it uncomfortable. The meal chests were now old ; and their legs having ceased to support them, they lay upon the damp ground,

where they were burrowed into by vermin in such multitudes that half the meal was lost ; and it not unfrequently happened that the dead body of a mouse was found tumbling about in the mouth by several of the family while discussing their hasty breakfast of stirabout. As for the windows which are, or at least which ought to be, constructed for the admission of light and air, in Paddy's house they served precisely an opposite purpose, inasmuch as they excluded both. If you went, for instance, into any of the bed-rooms you would find it necessary to remain in it for some time, in order that your eyes might become, by degrees, reconciled to the obscurity which prevented you from seeing anything distinctly on your first entrance.

We have already mentioned a loft that was over two rooms to the right of the kitchen as you entered, and a step-ladder by which you reached it. To that loft there was nothing that could give either light or free air, and yet it was used not only as a sleeping room, but one in which, besides, all their greasy wool-fleeces were kept, fresh from the sheep, and strong in the rancid odour for which such fleeces are ever remarkable. Here it was where the Misses Go-easy slept ; but when we let our readers know that the ladder already mentioned, though twelve feet in length, had only three rungs—for the original flat steps had all disappeared : we are of opinion that these ladies must have been gifted with such extraordinary agility, in order to be able to ascend them, as falls to the share of but very few of the sex. The effect of practice, however, is wonderful in

developing the physical qualities of the human frame.

Let us now step into the yard, and take a look at that and the out-offices ; but, heavens ! what an abominable stink of filthy swine weltering in that black rotten sink is here ! Look at that big fat fellow—how he lies in the black sludgy filth, his belly to the sun, his small sensual eyes shut with an expression of luxurious enjoyment that would shame an alderman—observe with what a sluggish and blessed indolence he moves himself, to be sure that he enjoys “the sober certainty of waking bliss”—and listen—heavens ! let them talk about music and expression, but what is there within the most comprehensive concord of sweet sounds that can be compared to the long low whine of enjoyment which that fat animal with his eyes so characteristically closed now utters. Why the fellow is lapped in elysium—in supreme bliss—and this moment begins to doze, as is evident by the utter *abandon* with which he closes his eyes, in a *siesta*, which, for pure luxury and true swinish enjoyment, would put to shame all the resources of fashionable sensuality in any part of the world. And now he has reached the *acme* of all that can gratify the grovelling nature of his being—and stretched fat and dirty and indolent, he reposes in his congenial sink—the pig’s paradise—by no means an insignificant type of many who have not four legs and a tail behind to plead in justification of their grossness. There now he lies, and the force of enjoyment can no farther go. What !—no, we are wrong !—unquestionably we are wrong. Heavens, observe him now ! He

has soaked in the sink with all the tact of a philosophic epicure—he stirs himself once or twice, gives a low lazy grunt or two, opens his eyes, raises himself up upon his fore feet, his latter end still in the mud, looks sluggishly about him, and after two or three efforts more, at last rises, deliberately turns his other side to the sun, and lays himself down once more to resume his former sweet and indolent position.

Now, after looking at him and his owner, the question is, whether he has borrowed his habits from Paddy or Paddy his from him. This, however, is a point we cannot at present decide, so instead of attempting it, we shall proceed with our description.

The first thing remarkable is the slovenly and ruinous character of every thing about you. The thatch of the outhouses is almost worn away to black rotten ridges, and consists as much of rank chickenweed, blind oats, and blind barley, as it does of thatch. Paddy, however, “intinds to get the whole range tatched, an’ will, please God, some of these days”—but, indeed, there is an excuse for him, as regards that matter, inasmuch as there is more straw lying scattered in a topsy turvey way through the haggard, than would thatch every office belonging to him. No wonder, therefore, that they are in such a state as to be of scarcely any earthly use to him or his property. In wet weather you could not go through his farm-yard without being in dirt and mud to the ancles. In the haggard, too, the only good principle visible was that excellent one of mutual assistance, or, we should rather say, of mutual sup-

port; for were it not that every two stacks very considerably supported each other, there would not have been a single one standing.

Paddy also had a car-house, in which his cars,—all, by the way, of the low-backed, trundle, solid wheel description, for he despised the cart as an innovation—a thing of which his father and grandfather were ignorant—a car-house we say in which his cars, ploughs, and other farming implements ought to have been kept. Instead of that, however, they lay tumbled about, split with the sun and crazed by the weather, until they were almost useless, and of course in a very short time he found them only fit to be broken up for firing. The want of cleanliness in his cow-houses and in his stables, and the gross inattention with which his cows and horses were treated was painfully visible upon the condition of the poor animals themselves, which was wretched beyond belief. The bones of his horses were always cutting the skin, and the cows were equally poor, whilst the hips of both were abundantly covered with large *tartles* of dung that had become hard and scaly, and matted into the hair. No wonder, indeed, that his cows gave but little milk and his horses little labour: for, in point of fact, what between the want of doors and the absence of thatch, they might as well have been turned out at night to the inclemency of the elements. Their position, in fact, was as bad as one could suppose; but lest any thing should be wanting to their discomfort, they found themselves forced to act in the capacity of roosts for his poultry—it being an assured fact that the hens and cocks and tur-

keys finding no other station equally comfortable—in fact no other station at all, perched themselves upon the backs of the cattle at night; the consequences of which were very visible in the large round patches without hair which ornamented their backs and sides.

Yet amidst all this singular system of ignorance and indolence, there was one exception, which, to the honour of our hero, we feel ourselves bound not to overlook. This was the barn. The stable and cowhouse had doors, that were *laid to*, or *sometimes* tied with a piece of rope to their respective door-posts, of a very hard night: but, as to the barn, the door of it had absolutely the dignity of one hinge, so that it had quite an aristocratic appearance, when compared with the plebeian character of the *suggawn* doors that graced the cow-house and stable.

Paddy, however, felt a strong impression that his family were destined to be *lucky*. His grandfather had found a horse-shoe in one of his own fields, which horse-shoe, had been nailed over the door of their dwelling-house, by their grandfather's own hands. Now, whether the shoe had been well nailed on or not, our readers must decide for themselves, but, be this as it may, it disappeared after a few years, and the whole family felt the circumstance as a calamity. Scarcely, however, had this calamity taken place, when his father, old Paddy, actually found *another*; and, with his own hands was it also nailed up over the door. This was more luck. There was no use in denying the gratifying fact! Luck was to pour in upon them, and the whole family, sensible

of this, were in an ecstasy of delight. The alternations of this world, however, are sometimes very strange, and almost incredible. The horse-shoe which our hero's father had himself nailed up, also disappeared, and the family felt as if a fresh calamity were before them; or, according to the phrase, as if the luck had left them. Judge, however, of their delight, when our hero walks home one day with a *third* horse-shoe, which he also with his own hands nailed over the door. Now, in taking a cursory survey of the house and farm-yard we feel bound to mention this circumstance to our readers, and to apprise them of the *luck* that is before the family; for, most assuredly there is the *bona fide* horse-shoe nailed over the door as a sign of good fortune, and, unless that it is hanging a little towards the one side, owing to some defect in the mechanical process of driving it, there is no reason on the part of so sagacious a family to suppose that it will not remain there—until it falls. But even so, the *luck* of the family will still continue, and so long as the Go-easies proceed upon their usual principles, there is little doubt that plenty of horse-shoes will be found on their farm to nail over the door.

It is only necessary, before we quit the house and adjoining premises, to point the reader's attention to the tottering chimnies which the first strong blast of wind will assuredly tumble about their ears; and to add to that, Paddy kept his potatoes in such a warm and sheltered potato-house, that, whenever a hard frost made its appearance, the whole bin was brought to a very

high and rapid state of putrefaction ; so that he who might have sold that useful root to half the country was obliged to purchase for the remainder of the year.

If, however, Paddy's house and farm-yard had a ragged and dilapidated look, the farm itself was worthy of both ; for the reader must have already perceived that a beautiful spirit of harmony breathed, not only through the Go-easies, but everything that belonged to them. But how shall we describe the farm, or how give our readers a notion of the wasteful and negligent character which lies upon it. Here, indeed, is where Paddy's talent at procrastination shone. In general the object of an agriculturist is not only to take as much produce out of the land as it will afford, but, at the same time, to adopt such a system of tillage as will go on year after year improving and fertilizing the land. This we say is the end which every intelligent cultivator of land has in view. Paddy, however, with a hereditary love of antiquity that did him honour, stuck like death to the old method of successfully impoverishing and wearing out the natural fertility of the soil. His father and grandfather had done so before him, and " he wasn't the man to ax to be betther and wiser than thim ;" and, indeed, his farm had strongly impressed upon it all the marks and tokens of their united wisdom. For instance, there is not a decent ditch or enclosure upon the whole one hundred and thirty acres. Gates enough there are, but then they are gates of the old school ; and of these Paddy had a tolerable variety at least.

First, there in the gap that leads to that corn field which is choked with weeds, is a gate which consists of a wheel-car standing up on end with its shafts aloft in the air. This is economy, for it saves both time and trouble, and improves the car by exposing it to the influence of the weather.

But there is a three-cornered field, beside the one we have been looking at, in which grows a crop of late potatoes, or rather a late crop of potatoes, as is evident from their stunted appearance and the additional proof, that a considerable portion of the field, though ploughed and harrowed for the crop, has not been planted ; and in that position will it lie—the manure laid down but not spread, until next season, when Paddy will let it grow into meadow, exactly in its present condition. Now this field must be accessible as well as the other, and consequently, as Paddy knows, will require a gate, and accordingly a gate it has. There, you may examine it—a slide car, simply laid across—nothing more. That will keep the cows out at any rate ; and will, as in the case above, also improve the car by exposure to the elements.

It will keep out the cows, says the reader, but will it keep out the pigs, geese, and turkeys? Really, my worthy reader, I must protest, on the part of Paddy Go-easy and of his sisters the Misses Go-easy, against inquisitive interruptions of this description. However, since you *have* put the question, we reply, that it will *not* keep out the pig nor anything else, in fact, that may feel an inclination to enter. Slide car then ranks as gate No. 2.

Here again is a late field of oats or rather of docks and thistles, colt's foot and presha, among which a keen eye may discern something in the shape of oats. This is the crop which will be seen standing uncut at next Christmas; a monument of Paddy's early habits of tillage and amazing agricultural skill. It will not be ripe during the autumnal months, and of course will be lost unless as feeding for the cattle, which must be turned into it in order to eat it down. What gate now have we here? Excellent! Ah! here, after all, is our old and general favourite the honest *Thorn Bush*, which Paddy has cut too with such skill out of that fine old hedge, that he may be said to have performed a double task—for in cutting down the bush to stop one gap he has ingeniously left another behind him. This is gate No. 3.

That long field called the *Slang*, contains a crop of barley which Paddy intends to *run* into poteen, by the aid of little Mickey Mac Quaid the distiller; and the reason why he has hit upon this brilliant design is because he happens to be considerably in arrears with his landlord, and he thinks this will give him a lift, and besides it is the most agreeable method of disposing of that particular crop. What gate then have we here? Good again; another old favourite with our countrymen—the *Stone Gap*, which in the solidity of its structure beats a child's house of cards hollow. There it is, a row of single stones one upon another, and all that's necessary is to put your hand on it, and down it comes with a *brattle*, leaving a wide and unobstructed passage to any

animal that happens to be fond of green feeding. The pigs and cows know this from long practice, and it is surprising to see the skill and ease with which, by the aid of one of their fore feet, they will push it down in such a manner that it will be certain to fall from them. This is gate No. 4.

Sometimes Paddy used to get a gate of rungs, which was tied to a post with a rope, and shut by fastening it to another post by another rope. This was tolerable so long as the posts stood up ; but in general, on the lands of Lazy Corner, gate and posts were to be found lying beside each other, whilst the spot they occupied was trampled into ruts by the feet of the transgressing cattle, with whose marks it was deeply studded.

We feel, however, that it would be tedious to enumerate all the various and enlightened methods by which honest Paddy enclosed his skilfully cultivated fields. Sometimes a piece of rope or tether was tied to two stakes, one of which was driven on each side of the gap ; and sometimes—indeed pretty frequently—there was neither gate nor substitute for gate, but open hardy neglect.

Indeed it was sickening to look upon land naturally so fertile, lying in such a state of woful and pitiable waste. All that slovenliness, carelessness, and ignorance could do to occasion the poverty and degeneracy of the soil was successfully accomplished by Paddy. Head or foot ridges he scorned to cultivate ; “it was mane to do so—and what was more, neither his father nor grandfather ever sowed or planted any thing in them—an’ God forbid that he’d go for to set himself up as a betther or a wiser man than either

his father or grandfather ; he didn't wish to go beyant them—if he was their aiquils he was satisfied."

There is, indeed, scarcely any thing more indicative of character in an agricultural district than the appearance of the various farms into which it is divided. The man of sense, skill, and energy, may as easily be known by the nature of his tillage and the aspect of his holding, as if one were acquainted with him for years. Nay, we question but it may be termed the best possible test of character which one could establish, because it is neither assumed for purposes of dishonesty, nor persisted in from principles of deceit. Paddy's farm, therefore, resembled a bad discharge, for in it the reader was told that he was not worthy of employment—that he was careless, indolent, slothful, ignorant, unfit for being engaged in any well regulated family, and possessed of no earthly virtue but honesty and good nature ; the latter, however, being, as it existed in *him*, a virtue of very questionable tendency. So, certainly, said the farm, which in his hands was wild and waste looking—its deep drains filled with rich manure were filthy looking, never scoured—its hedges and ditches broken and useless as enclosures—its bottoms, instead of being drained lay souring in perpetual wet until they almost resembled quagmires. Where the water happened, after long rains, to accumulate on sown crops, at foot or bottom of sloping fields, he never thought of letting it off by a slight opening with the spade. Go where you would, and turn where you might, nothing

met you but weeds, filth, want of skill, of order, and of activity. The fields were dirty, the drains were dirty, the sheep were dirty, the cows were dirty, the horses were dirty ; and, to crown all Paddy himself was dirty.

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING A MIRACLE—HOW PADDY TOOK TO IMPROVEMENT AS AN AGRICULTURIST, AND OF HIS GREAT SUCCESS THEREIN.

It was one day in the month of October, which, as our readers know, is the butter season, and Paddy was in the market town of Knockdrimna on a courting expedition; in other words, he went to meet Nancy M'Bride, in the first place; a girl whom he had been "spakin' to" since before his worthy father's death, and to sell a firkin of that exquisite butter which derived its peculiar fragrance and flavour from the neat and housewife-like habits of his fair sisters. The morning was exceedingly wet, but Paddy being none of those who consider themselves either sugar or salt, cared little about that, and prepared to go. A cousin of his own, Andy Go-easy, who was also selling a firkin of the same merchandise, called upon him on his way to the market, and Paddy accordingly prepared to accompany him. For this purpose he got a mat and straddle, on which he hung a pair of creels; into one of these he put his firkin, which was balanced by a stone of equal weight in the other. His cousin Andy's firkin having been balanced in exactly a similar manner, Paddy gallantly got behind the creels, and both jogged on at the Go-easy pace to the

market, each with his stone on one side, and his firkin on the other.

Now, it so happened, that the way to the market lay by Peter M'Bride's house, who was father to Nancy whom he was going, as he said himself, "to coort." Peter was a wealthy man, and had been for many years steward and gardener to a gentleman who was one of the best resident landlords in the country. M'Bride himself then rented a large farm, and it is scarcely necessary to say that no two earthly things of the same nature could present a stronger contrast than did the appearance of his tenement and that of his intended son-in-law.

On passing M'Bride's the rain still continued to pour as heavily as ever, notwithstanding which, Paddy pulled his halter and stopped at the house.

"Lord of life, Paddy you'll be lost," said the man coming to the door ; "hadn't you an' Andy betther light an' come in 'till the rain settles?"

"Morrow, Pether," replied Paddy.

"Good morrow, good morrow ; won't you come in, I say?"

"How is Nancy?"

"Divil a sweeter ; why, you're not worth the washin'. Dang it, come in, Paddy."

"Tell her to meet me at Barny Dalton's in the coorse o' the day ; devil a word o' coortin' we had these six months."

"Now Paddy," exclaimed M'Bride, "wouldn't it be betther for you and Andy there to toss up which o' yez will carry the *two* firkins, than to carry them in that style."

"As good, an' betther nor ever I was carried their butther this way," replied Paddy. "My father an' grandfather before me did it, an' I'm sure I amn't goin' for to make myself wiser or betther than they wor."

"Ay, ay," exclaimed M'Bride, "the ould argument; but I'm afeard, Paddy, if every one acted on your principle, the world wouldn't improve much. James," continued the father, addressing his only unmarried son, "bring out the umbrella, and give it to Paddy. Nancy's not within, Paddy," he continued, "or she'd spake to you; she went over this mornin' to see poor ould Peggy Bradley, that's not likely to recover."

The son came out with the umbrella. "Why, Paddy," said he, "aren't you a nice fellow to sit there in the rain instead of comin' in and takin' shelter. Once you get a thing in your head, however, there's no puttin' it out."

"Morrow, James."

"Good morrow; here, open that, and put it over you, at any rate."

Paddy took the umbrella in his hand, held it in an upright position for a moment; then nodded his head, gave the horse a simultaneous dig with both heels, and, laying down the umbrella across the creels, jogged on, accompanied by Andy, at the rate of a funeral, under an incessant down-pouring of rain, to the uncontrollable mirth of M'Bride and his son, and indeed, we may add, of all who met the same worthy pair.

Whether Paddy might, or could have disposed of *such* butter, is a matter of some difficulty to

determine. At all events, having left it, until the market should open, in a friend's house, he sauntered about the town in all the rain that fell, with Peter M'Bride's umbrella, still unopened, under his arm. "Why, Paddy," a friend would say, "why the dickens don't you put that *numberel* over you? What good's in havin' it, if you don't make use of it?"

"Devil a one of me will put it over me," replied Paddy; "neither my father nor grandfather ever used sich a piece o' desate, an' I'm sure I amn't goin' to make a greater man o' myself than they wor."

It was about three o'clock that day that Paddy accidentally met Nancy M'Bride in the market. We say accidentally, for he never once thought of his appointment with her, if appointment it could be called, which extended over the whole "coorse o' the day." When she met him, he was just on the point of preparing to go home; but, sluggish and indolent as he was, still he had too much of the Irishman in him not to ask her in to take share of half a pint. The rain had ceased, and the day had cleared up, when they met.

"Morrow !"

"Morrow *gutcha*, Paddy; how are you?"

"You'll come in an' take share of half a pint?"

"I'll taste, any way; where's Andy?"

"What?"

"Where's your cousin Andy?"

"The sorrow know I know; come over to Barney Dalton's."

Paddy and she accordingly adjourned to Dalton's, where, in a few minutes, they found themselves very snugly seated in a back room, with no one to interrupt the tender current of Paddy's courtship.

The half pint having come in, Paddy filled a bumper, which he raised to his lips, saying at the same time :

"Your health, Peggy, and share o' *this* to you!"

He then put it to his lips, and, alas! for the honour of an Irishman, the glass came from them as free of liquor as the moment it first left the hand of the manufacturer. Having accomplished this feat, he deliberately laid the empty glass down, and folding his arms, sat silent awhile, after which he gave two or three stamps on the floor that soon brought in a lad who acted as waiter.

"Come here, gossoon," said he; "go and bring me something to light my pipe wid?"

The boy accordingly brought up a bit of lit paper, which Paddy immediately held to his pipe, and commenced smoking with his usual composure of manner. Peggy, who intimately knew his character and habits, and who was capable also of enjoying them perhaps better than any other person living, was highly amused at this style of courtship, and could with difficulty suppress her mirth. At length, however, after a long pause, he opened his lips with one of those most appropriate and significant queries which, while in his moods of abstraction, he was frequently in the habit of putting unconsciously.

"Eh?" said he.

"What are you sayin',?" she asked, laughing;
"sure I wasn't speakin'."

"Here, will you have a *dhraw*? This is Muckitee's pigtail, sure."

"Ha, ha, ha!—sorrow's on you, Paddy; sure you know I don't smoke. Well, it's you that's the quare Paddy."

"No; am I now?" he asked with an expression of complacency on his face, that ought rather to be called the battle of the features than a thing shaped into any terms of description that we are acquainted with. No two of them seemed moved by the same impulse, and the whole process seemed to be a general breaking up of the countenance and a disbanding of the features aforesaid, never to meet again.

Nancy laughed heartily, and Paddy having recomposed his face and put his pipe in his pocket, again had recourse to the whiskey. He filled another bumper, which he put once more to his lips, with the same words:

"Your health, Nancy, and share o' this to you!"

"I hope," she replied, "that it will be a better share than you gave me the last time."

"What?" he asked, laying down the empty glass as before. Nancy's mirth went beyond all bounds—in fact she laughed for several minutes before she could stop or restrain herself so as assume any thing like composure.

Paddy, in the mean time, sat smoking his pipe, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall with a vacant stare, and without appearing to feel conscious

that Nancy was in the room at all. At length she spoke :

“ Well, Paddy, how are you gettin’ on wid your fine farm ?”

“ What ?”

“ I say, how are you gettin’ on with that fine farm of yours ?”

“ Bravely.”

“ Are you improvin’ it at all ?”

“ Ay am I.”

“ Well, come now, let us hear how you’re improvin’ it ?”

“ Why, it’s my intention to set praties in the long shot meadow, please God.”

“ That will be an improvement ; an’ so you’re goin’ to deprive yourself of the only good meadow on your whole farm ; but tell me ?”

“ What ?”

“ Didn’t you intend runnin’ your own barley last winther ?”

“ Ay did I.”

“ An’ what prevented you ? eh ?—ha, ha, ha !”

“ Why, you see, we put it in a bog-hole to steep, of coorse.”

“ Well, what then ?”

“ Why, thin, the divil a bit of it but wint fairly out of my head ; it lay there for a month, an’ whin we wint to look at it, it was growin’ out o’ the sacks till you might sheer it above the wather, an’ thin it was of no use, you know.”

He then filled another glass, but appeared to feel as if he had neglected something ; he held the full bumper in his hand for a moment, and repeating the same words as before—“ Your

health, Nancy, an' share o' this to you!"—he merely tasted it, and then handed it to her. She received it, and nodding to him, replied in the usual terms—"Your health, Paddy, and share o' your own back again!" After which, she put the glass to her lips, and, with another comic nod to him, finished it.

There was then a pause of some minutes in the conversation, if such it might be termed, when Paddy having, after the good old cleanly custom, spat into his pipe in order to extinguish it, put it into his pocket, exclaiming, "Isn't this fine weather, the Lord be praised!"

"Beautiful," she replied ironically; never seen a finer or sunshiner morning than this; it never rained a dhrop the whole day."

"Well, are you coming?" asked Paddy, rising up and preparing to go.

"To be sure I am," she replied; "but won't you come back and finish your liquor?"—for he had already got as far as the door—"here is a glass-full of it left"

"Is there, faix?—begad you're right," he replied, putting the half-pint to his lips and emptying it; "now," he continued, "we'll go home comfortably."

"I can't go home yet," she replied; "my father's to meet me at Tom Corrigan's, to buy a piece o' linin, an' he wants me to chuse it for him; but I'll be with you as far as the pound, at any rate."

They accordingly proceeded down the street at Paddy's usual pace—which, however, on this occasion, was accelerated—rather unpleasantly for

him we must confess—by the necessity he was put to of keeping up with her, when he suddenly stopped. “Stay,” said he; “come back, I forgot something.”

“Well, sure you can fetch it yourself,” she replied; “there’s no use in me goin’ back wid you.”

“Ay is there; come back, I bid you.”

“Well, to be sure, but you are the quare Paddy; sorrow’s in the like of you ever I seen. What makes you walk that way,” she then asked, struck naturally by the stealthy and thief-like manner in which he went along. “What ails you, Paddy?”

“Whisht!” he replied, in a cautious under-tone; “behave yourself, I bid you; I forgot something;” and as he went along, she observed that from time to time, he gave her such side-looks as, whilst they filled her with mirth, were altogether incomprehensible even to her, well as she understood all his habits.

“Whisht!” said he; “begad, Nancy, this whiskey warms a man’s heart, an’ gives him great courage.”

They thus returned to the public-house, and having entered the little back room again, Paddy, with an appearance of singular mystery, shut the door. “Whisht!” he continued, “sure, it wouldn’t do to be coortin’ an’ not to get one or two, any how; that ud be treatin’ you ondecant, Nancy;” and before the girl had time to put herself on her guard, he inflicted half a dozen smacks, which, if one were to estimate their value by the

sounds they emitted, would lead to the inference that Paddy was, at all events, dealing honestly by her.

"There, now," he exclaimed; "do you think I'd be so shabby as to let you go widout a few—no, faix, I amn't the man to do sich a mane trick as that, I tell you."

Nancy having put her hair and bonnet to rights, and rated him between jest and earnest for having tricked her in such a manner, ran down the stairs and left him to proceed home as best he might.

Having lit his pipe in the kitchen, he again sallied out, smoking with more than his usual complacency; but it was observed that he occasionally took the pipe out of his mouth and uttered some certain sounds which it would be impossible to class as the expression of any sensation or feeling peculiar to humanity. The man, however, was laughing at the success of the *ruse* he had played off upon Nancy.

In this manner he proceeded until he had nearly reached the house of M'Bride, whom he met near home, on his way to the town.

"Why, Paddy," said he, with a good deal of surprise, "is it on your way home you are?"

"Ay is it."

"Did you sell your butther?"

"What?"

"Did you sell your butther?"

"Ay did I—eh? no, I did not."

"And are you sure you're on your way home now?"

"Ay am I."

"An' where the sorrow did you leave your horse and your butther?"

"Begad I forgot them; they went clane out o' my head. I was thinkin' of the great coortin' match that Nancy and I had. Upon my trogs I'll marry Nancy some time or other."

"Why, man, you've been threatenin' to do that ever since she was fifteen years of age; an' she's now thirty."

"Have I?"

"Yes, you have; but tell me?"

"What?"

"What will you do about your horse and butther?"

"I'll go back for them."

"Come, then, I'll be with you into town."

"Ay, but I must go home first and get my dinner."

"And give yourself double trouble."

"Throth an' I won't want my dinner for ere a horse in Europe. Here, will you have a *dhraw*?"

"Surely you ought to know many a year ago that I don't smoke."

"Ay ought I—fegs ought I—but I forgot. God be wid you. I'll come down to-morrow morning for the horse an' the butther; it 'll be time enough."

"You needn't mind; James is in the market, and I'll make him fetch them home to you in the evenin'."

"Well, *bannath lath*; that 'll do."

And he jogged along at his ease, careless of

the world and its affairs, and intent upon no earthly circumstance, with the exception of an occasional indistinct rumination upon the subject of his "great coortin' match," as he phrased it, with Nancy.

On his return home, he was encountered by similar inquiries respecting his horse and butter.

"Paddy, where's the horse an' the butther?"

"Never mind them, they're comin' afther me; but sure I have somethin' to tell yez."

"What is it?"

"Sure I had a great coortin' match wid Nancy to-day."

"No, had you?"

"Ay had I."

"Where, Paddy?"

"In Barney Dalton's; trogs Nancy's a brave girl. Isn't she, Peggy?"

"Ay is she."

It may as well be observed here, that all the members of Paddy's family were remarkable for using precisely the same language and peculiarities of dialogue; a habit, by the way, which is to be found in a greater or less degree almost in every family with which one is acquainted. Paddy's sisters were, in fact, quite as good-natured as himself and as unselfish. It could not be considered unnatural that they should have felt and even expressed reluctance at the notion of their brother putting a wife over their head, as the phrase goes; but, on the contrary, there was nothing whatsoever of this jealous feeling in their composition. They were indolent, careless girls, it is true; ignorant and unedu-

cated, as the reader knows ; bad managers, and anything but cleanly either in their persons or in their domestic habits : on the other hand, they were utterly free from ill-temper, selfishness, or almost any of those female feelings which disturb and poison domestic life. They were generous, kind, and charitable ; never troubled themselves about the affairs of their neighbours ; nor was their harsh or evil word ever heard against the absent. And what had at this period of our sketch given to persons whose natural temper was thus good and amiable a peculiar placidity of disposition was the fact, that each of them had now become as inveterate a smoker, and as great a slave, in fact, to the pipe, as Paddy himself, to whom they were indebted for this accomplishment.

" Ay is she," replied Peggy ; " sorrow sich another wife ever you'll get, Paddy ; and you ought to marry her off-hand."

" Ay ought I, and will too, before long ; dang me, but she's a brave girl."

" Now will you, Paddy ?"

" Ay will I, an' we'll have great fun then ; sure I'll larn her to smoke, and I'll give you all lots o' tobaccy, by goxty."

" Bedad that'll be great ; throth, Paddy, you're a good sowl."

" Amn't I, now ?"

" Ay are you. How long are you an' her coortin', Paddy ?"

" Only fifteen years last March."

" Trops an' she's the crame of a good girl ; an

I think you might get the words said, and bring her home to us."

"*Nabocklish.*"

And so ended the conversation touching the merits of Nancy M'Bride.

It would be unjust in us, however, to allow the extraordinary virtues of a female, who is to occupy so large a space in the following pages, to be disposed of in such a summary manner—we, consequently, feel ourselves bound to introduce her somewhat more formally to the reader.

Nancy, then, was one of those girls who, with singular good sense and shrewdness, possessed also an excellent heart and great vivacity of spirits. In everything connected with the duties of life, she was precisely the reverse of Paddy. Her movements, like her thoughts, were quick and decisive in character. Her mother was an admirable pattern in the house, as her father was in the fields. From her infancy she had been accustomed to see and to feel so strongly the influence of order, neatness, industry, and cleanliness, that they actually grew into her being, and became a part of her very existence. She had received a good education, considering her situation in life ; that is to say, she could read, write, and cast up accounts in a manner that was highly creditable to her ; for, in fact, she was one of those active-minded girls who, gifted with good talents and strong natural taste, always improve their acquirements and advantages, instead of allowing them to fall into forgetfulness and disuse. Her mind was also, at once, direct and

comprehensive, and possessed that intuitive penetration which is actually the basis of all success, and is so often ascribed, though unjustly, to a happy combination of circumstances, or, in other words, to what is termed good-fortune—which is nothing, in general, but the union of energy and skill. In truth, she might be taken as an impersonation of activity and progress, as Paddy was of stationary indolence, neglect, or decline; principles which are, unhappily, too prevalent in the country.

Our readers, however, may very reasonably inquire how it happened that a girl, whose habits in the general business of life were so strongly contrasted to his, could have suffered such a man to entertain the most distant hope that a marriage ever could be brought about between them. Many things occur, however, in this world, and before our own eyes, that are clearly beyond the power of philosophy to solve. In the first place, Paddy began to pay his vague and uncouth attentions to her when she was only a girl; but, as he himself then said, “bedad she’s a promisin’ slip that—the makins of a brave girl, faix.” These attentions consisted in following and striding after her to mass, or market, or wherever she went, with an indescribable and oafish stare, that, to any one who did not understand him, had more of felony than love in it. For some years matters went on in this way, until ultimately Paddy and she became the talk of the parish, although he had never opened his lips to her on any subject whatsoever. It was in vain that she herself flatly contradicted the re-

port ; which, however, she always did with a great deal of mirth, for she knew very well that there was no denying the fact of his being perpetually on her track, whenever she went abroad. This comical sort of love-making, however, was a mighty effort on his part, as the reader will immediately learn—at least, owing to her relish for fun, and to that natural love of mischief peculiar to women, she contrived to make it so. The incredible slowness of his motions are already known, as is Nancy's activity. Finding herself the object of so singular a pursuit, she first thought to put an end to it by accelerating her pace, and thus leaving Paddy behind her ; a piece of ingenuity which was little less than a species of martyrdom to a man of such remarkable indolence. The consequence, however, at all events on her part, was utter failure. Paddy, determined to keep his ground and maintain his distance, neither more nor less, actually put himself in motion, and continued the pursuit, without allowing her to gain an inch. In this way she kept increasing her speed, as did also the panting swain behind her, until what was first a steady sober pace, ended literally in a chase. Sometimes, indeed, the neighbours who happened to witness the scene, would good-humouredly halloo Paddy onwards, and aid him by a cheer or two, by way of encouragement. Nancy at length began to feel somewhat chagrined that, notwithstanding the length of time which had elapsed since this species of hunt commenced, and *maugre* the notoriety of his purpose, he had never yet taken the trouble of speaking to her on the subject.

Her vanity, in fact, was hurt when she reflected that every one took it for granted he paid his addresses to her, and that she had the reputation of the courtship without its reality. She felt precisely as if he had been tantalizing her, or turning the pertinacity with which he kept up the pursuit, into a subject of amusement to himself, without any reference whatsoever to her.

Such was the state of matters between them when a circumstance occurred, by which she was enabled to discover, that her sober swain Paddy was not altogether indifferent to her.

It was at that time Paddy took the meazles.

For two Sundays he disappeared, and Nancy now found herself looking out for him about the Chapel Green, with more anxiety than she ever imagined she could have felt; an anxiety which increased considerably on hearing that his life was in danger. Whether it had been by his assiduity that he effected this—or whether it was that there is sometimes a tendency in persons, of contrary tastes and habits, to meet and coalesce, it is difficult to decide. Be this, however, as it may, the fact that Paddy had made an impression on her heart was indisputable, although up to the present stage of our narrative, he remained ignorant that it was so.

On the third Sunday afterwards, however, he could observe that when she saw him, her eye glistened with pleasure, and on their way home she adapted her pace to his, an act of kindness which he felt in his soul; for, truth to tell, the former rapidity of her motion mortified him sorely.

Her conduct on this occasion now determined

him to take another step, and this was to employ a Blackfoot or a Matchmaker. Accordingly, in the course of some weeks afterwards, he chanced to meet a celebrated individual of that class, named Biddy Brady; we say chanced, because it is most probable, that if accident had not thrown her in his way he would never have engaged her as his ambassadress. He was returning one day from the mill, his horse bearing a large sack of oatmeal, balanced across his back on a straw suggawn, and Paddy balanced upon the sack with a leg dangling down each side, smoking as usual.

"Morrow, Bid!"

"Morrow, Paddy—an' how are you afther the mazles, *abouchal*?"

"Bravely. What news, Bid?"

"Why, the sorra much, Paddy—have you none yourself?"

"What?"

"Have you nothin' new or particular yourself? How is Nancy M'Bride, *ahagur*?"

"Begad, bravely."

"Arra, Paddy, what the dickens is the *raison* that you're so long coortin' her?"

"Sorra one o' me knows, Biddy."

"Are you fond o' the girl at all?"

"Ay am I."

"Well; an' why don't you put your *comedher* on her at wanst?"

"Eh?"

"Why don't you make a bould push and ax her like a man, instead of sthreelin' afther her like a constable that was wantin' to find out where she lived?"

"Here, will you take a *dhraw*?"

"To be sure, I will; did you hear me?"

"Ay, did I; what was it?"

"Why don't you put the question to her at wanst?"

"Bid!"

"Well?"

"Will you coort her for me? If you do I'll give you a ten shillin', or, may be, a pound."

"Why, then, it was God put it into your heart to ax, Paddy. To be sure, I'll coort her for you, an' if it's a thing that she has a lanin' towardst you, I'll soon have yez buckled, plaise God."

"Here's five shillings to begin wid—an' Bid."

"Well; thank you, Paddy—an' be my sowl, you'll find it isn't throwin' the same five shillins away you are, wanst I take her in hand."

"Butther her up bravely now. Tell her I'm the best farmer in the country, an' that'll be but the truth any way—say what a nate clane house an' place I have—an' that she'll have nothing to do, plaise God, only to nurse the childre'."

"Let me alone, Paddy, *lig dhum*—maybe I don't know how to come round her."

"An' Bid!"

"Well?"

"Keep nothin' back from her—tell her the whole truth—what a good-lookin' smart boy I am—wid nice fair hair—an' don't forget, that if she marries me, I'll larn her to smoke—an' we'll have great fun."

"Lave it to myself, I say—the same girl has her wits about her; but, for all that, it'll go hard if I don't see her misthress of Lazy Corner be-

fore long; an' so the Lord have a care o' you, Paddy."

She then passed on, but had scarcely gone twenty yards, when he called after her—"Biddy."

"Well!" she replied, "what is it?"

He hesitated awhile and then shouted back—"nothing!"

"Well, throth!" proceeded Bid in a soliloquy, "you are the quarest people—all you Go-easies, that ever was made or meddled wid. There you go along, Paddy, an' the match of you isn't in Europe. Howandiver, the sorra one knows you but likes you, you great harmless *Bubberlien*!"

Paddy in the meantime was jogging on, a leg dangling in front of the meal sack, on each side of the horse's shoulder.

Biddy on arriving at Peter M'Bride's, entered with a significant and important air, giving the usual salutation of the country—"God save all here!"

"God save you, kindly, Biddy. Any news on your way, Bid?"

"Why, always a thrifle o' some sort goin', *achora*—an' for want o' betther, sure there's Darby Donegan's son goin' to be married to the purtiest girl in all Ballychullian. Ellen M'Kenna—an' it's she that *is* the purty girl, an' the *good* girl, dear knows. Arra, Nancy, *avillish*, when will we be tellin' the same story about yourself an' some purty boy in the neighbourhood, eh?"

"I thought, Bid," replied Nancy, without noticing the question, "that *that* match was broken off—an' that Ellen refused to have Phiddhre Donegan."

"An' so she did, *achree* ; but there was thim to be had that made her think betther of it—that put a good spoke in Phiddhre's wheel wid her—not," she proceeded with a confident and knowing shake of the head, "that *I* am goin' to say who they were that did it—no, no, thruth an' trust's what *I* go by."

"In the mane time, Bid," returned Nancy, "we could give a purty good guess at any rate. I think them that did it isn't a thousand miles off."

"No matther for that ; it's a pious work. Glory be to God!—for what does Scripthur say—every boy shall lave his fadher an' modher an' stick to his wife, as Adam an' Eve did to one another in Parodies ;* well, as I was sayin', Nancy, when will we have *your* story to tell?"

"Some o' these days, Bid ; some Sunday in the middle o' next week—ha ! ha ! ha !"

"Oh ! ay, that's very good, but my dear, marriage is no jokin' matther, *ahagur*."

"So it's said," replied Nancy significantly.

"No, *avillish*, for to go back agin to the parable I colluded to, the way of it you see was this, Adam an' Eve warn't *on* for the match themselves until the angel Abraham came to them—'now,' says he, 'in regard that you've refused to be married upon one another, an' disregardin' my orders,' says he, 'I'll commit you both to Parodies antil you'll be glad enough to have the words said ;' an' accordingly, my dear, he committed them both to Parodies—where, sure enough, his words came

* Paradise, we presume.

good—they got fond of one another, as became them, wor married, an' immediately got their liberty to go out of it; glory be to his holy name!"

"Where did you get all this larning, Biddy?"

"Why, *asthore*, from young Dinny Shaughnessy, the makins of the priest—him that they say is masther of the seven langridges—I never meet him but he tells me some great piece of larnin'."

"Don't take all the same Dinny tells you for Gospel, Bid; that's all I say."

"Well, but Nancy darlin', will you jist walk wid me down the road abit, till you hear what *I'll* say?"

"Ay, ay," said her mother laughing, "a fresh bachelor, Nancy; we all know Bid's messages."

"Well, an' what, suppose?" said Biddy, "sure the more the merrier."

"But, what'll Paddy Go-easy do if his nose is put out o' joint?" added the old woman good-humouredly.

"Throth, that's no affair o' yours, Nelly;" replied Bid, "when you wor coortin' Pether, I'll be bound you hadn't your mother at your elbow always."

"No, not always, but very often I had," replied, Nelly. "In my time, the families always settled them things between them, over a bottle or two of good whiskey."

"Come, then," said Nancy, "if you're for a bit of a walk, Bid, the less time that's lost the better; although, for that matther, you might as well speak where you are, for on this subject, I

keep no saicrets from my mother; a thing, indeed, that no young woman ought, because, Bid, if there's nothing she need be afeard or ashamed of, there's no occasion."

"That may be all right, *alanna*, but so far as *I'm* consarned, my maxim always was and is, never to have a third party present when I'm doin' my duty; barrin', indeed, it may be the boy an' girl themselves, an' afther that, I always find that they're both willin' to get shut o' me. Come, *avillish*."

Having proceeded a short way down the road the subject was opened without any circumlocution by Bid. "Nancy," said she, "I have a warm heart for every one of your family; an' sooner than say a word that 'ud offend you I'd cut my right hand off; don't get vexed wid me thin, when I say that I think it's full time you an' that boy should do something."

"What boy, Bid?"

"You know very well what boy—the good-natured lad you put to the stretch every Sunday goin' an' comin' from the chapel."

"Lad! Goodness bless us, what a lad he is—you mean Paddy, I suppose?"

"Of coorse; who else? throth I think if you an' he *ever* do any thing it's *time* you should now; sure enough there's neither of you chickens."

"Lad, indeed!—a lad near forty, for all so young as he looks."

"Ha—for all so *young* as he looks," said Bid, closing her eyes a little, and looking keenly into her face—"is *that* it? Well done, Paddy; soft an' fair, they say, goes far in the day; so that's the

way the wind sits? Lad, indeed ;" says she, "ay, an' yourself a green young colleen o' thirty!"

"So far then, Bid, we're well matched sure."

"Well," said Bid, "an' so you are ; but now, Nancy *achora*, let us come to close spaikin'. You know, and all the world knows"——

"Ay," said Nancy, laughing, "*an' the half of Ttrugh.*"

"All the world knows that he's dotin' on you ; it was only this day I seen him ; an' it would do your heart good to hear how sensible he talks : 'I like that girl,' says he to me, 'bekase, Bid, she's so smart an' active, so clane an' good-humoured, that she's the very kind of a wife *I* want.' Now, Nancy, could you b'lieve that?"

"'What?'" replied Nancy, imitating him.

"Behave yourself, girl," said Bid ; "we all have our little quarenesses as well as him ; pay attintion now to what I'm sayin' ; sure you know divil sich a farm in the parish if it was well handled."

"'Here, will you take a *dhraw*? this is Muck-itee's pigtail, sure.'"

"Behave, I say. An', says he to me, 'if I had that girl for my wife there 'ud soon be a change in my house an' place, ay, an' over my whole farm, for the betther ; ay, an' I know she'd make me a wealthy man soon, in regard,' says he, 'that she'd put new life into me, what I want badly.'"

Nancy's whole countenance changed ; an air of serious reflection banished the light and mocking one which had hitherto lit it up ; her eye rested upon that of Biddy Brady with a search-

ing and penetrating gaze, and after looking down and pausing for some time, she said :

“ Biddy, do you remember your own words a while a-gone?—that *truth and trust* was what you went by. I’ll expect now that in anything you say about him you won’t desave me, especially as I’m goin’ to tell you the truth ; I don’t *dislike* Paddy ; an’ may be if I said that I have a bit of a lanin’ towards him I wouldn’t be very far asthray ; but then my opinion is that his laziness, an’ neglect, an’ carelessness is incurable, because he doesn’t believe, or know even that he *is* lazy or careless ; but if I thought he used the words to you that you say, I’d look on them as a proof that he might be reformed yet.”

Biddy, perceiving that she had made a successful hit, resolved to follow it up on the same principle and to *lie* Paddy thoroughly into Nancy’s favour, for provided she could succeed in bringing about their marriage, she was quite as unscrupulous as any other diplomatist. Her falsehoods, however, were all of a peculiar character, consisting as they did of what the one party said *in favour* of another.

“ Nancy,” said she, “ I only hope you don’t doubt what I’m sayin’. May I never see yesterday come back again, or do a single ill turn during my life, an’ that heaven may be good to me if—— ; hut, *a colleen*,” she proceeded, abruptly dropping the asseveration, and thus, by a *ruse*, escaping from the difficulty in which Peggy had placed her, “ the never a one but you’re a quare girl ; ay did he, an’ more than that, for, says he, ‘ I can see well enough what I’m defi-

cient in ; an' if I had a smart active woman to my wife, that 'ud put mettle in me, an' taich me how to manage, I'd soon be 'another man nor I am. Do you think I could invent all this, *achora* ? No in throth ; I never had the head for it."

" Well, at all events," replied Nancy, " for his own sake, I'm glad to hear that he knows and feels so much ; for, to tell you the truth, Biddy, I hardly suspected it."

" ' But,' says he, ' I'm afraid, Bid, that she is *jack*-indifferent about me, an' that I'm not the kind of man she'd like to marry ; but there's one thing she may be sure of, an' that is, that if ever we're made man an' wife, she'll never get a harsh word from me while I'm alive.' "

" Well, I believe that," returned Nancy, " no body doubts his good nature ; but you know, Biddy, sometimes too much of it is a fault, as well as too little."

" Throth an' there's a great difference between the two faults, Nancy ; but now, in the name o' Goodness, what answer am I to fetch him ? An' think of yourself—considher what you may make of himself an' his farm : a new man, faix, an' a new farm at the least—oh ! divil a less. Come, a *colleen*, what am I to say now ?"

" Well, then," she replied, " let him come to my father, an' if *he* consents I'll offer no opposition."

" Ay, but do you think he will consent ?"

" I'm not quite sure o' that," she replied ; " he and James an' my mother have often laughed at me, and humbugged me about him, an' the way

he follies me every place ; but they never said any thing in earnest to me yet."

" Well, then," rejoined the matchmaker, " in the name of Goodness, I'll see Paddy himself; an' it won't be my fault if the ball's not kept well on the hop, till it's all settled—all over—an' yourself mistress of Lazy Corner, please Goodness."

" If ever I am," returned Nancy, " I'll take care it won't be Lazy Corner long."

Biddy lost but little time in making Paddy acquainted with Nancy's sentiments towards him.

" Sorra's on you, Paddy," said she, " but you're the dickens entirely among the girls. Musha, how do you get them to be so fond of you all out, as they are?"

" Did you see her?"

" To be sure I did."

" Is it thrue that Square Logan wants him to go back as his steward?"

" Square Logan! arra what do I know of Square Logan's business? wants who to go back?"

" Pether."

" Do you know what you're talkin' about?"

" What?"

" Do you know, I say, what you're talkin' about?"

" Ay do I; something about Square Logan—eh?—ay—so it was—isn't Pether goin' back to him?"

" Is it Pether M'Bride?"

" Ay."

" Throth if the same girl sarved you right she'd give you the bag to hould, instead o' bein' fond o' you as she is, the poor foolish crature."

" Oh, ay—Nancy—well, Biddy—by Jaminy, that's thrue, did you see her?"

" To be sure I did, an' hear her too—ay, an' have good news for you too—betther, indeed, than you deserve."

" No; have you now?"

" She says she's in consate wid you these thirteen years."

" Death alive!"

" She got fond o' you the year o' the hard frost, on a Christmas day, above all days o' the year; an' she says you can't forget the time that your two bullies of feet flew from under you on the ice as you were going down the little hill above Knockdrimna pound."

" I don't remimber that, bedad."

" Well, you see how she does; but, indeed, a woman always remimbers these things betther than a man."

" But she *is* in consate wid me?"

" Sorra doubt of it; an' she was ready to go out of herself wid downright joy when I said you would larn her to smoke."

" No, thin."

" An' more be-token, I tould her there wasn't sich another farmer in the county, an' she said I might swear it; an' that you couldn't be fellowed in the kingdom, let alone the county."

" Isn't she a brave, clever* girl, Biddy?"

" She is that, indeed, no one can deny it; but another thing she tould me on the par'l o' my life never to mintion to you."

* Clever, among the people relates to good size and shape.

"Of coorse you won't thin."

"Eh?—arra what is the man sayin'?" asked Bid, taken considerably aback by this point blank want of curiosity on the part of Paddy. "Don't you know I must—so, says she—'now, Bid, if you ever betray to him any thing about my larn-in' to smoke, your shadow will never darken my door;' of course I said I would not; 'bekaise,' says she, goin' an, 'he might happen to think that its on account of the pipe I'm marryin' him;' so Paddy on the par'l o' *your* life never mintion smokin' to her, or, if you do, you must seek a wife in some other quarther."

"Well, I won't then. Here, will you take a *dhraw*?"

"Thank you; death alive, Paddy, but this is famous good tobaccy."

"That's Muckitee's pigtail, sure."

"Is it, in throth?"

"Ay is it."

"But Paddy."

"What?"

"Nancy says you must see her father, for if he doesn't give his consent she won't marry you; so I think you had better spake to him about it as soon as you can."

"Ay will I; begad we'll have great fun—I'll lay in a rowl o' the pigtail the day we're married."

"Well, but will you spake to her father soon?"

"Here—there's another five shillin' for you."

"An' didn't I tell you that you warn't throw-in' away the last five you gave me—you see

what news I brought you—well, at any rate sure's no harm to say God speed the business on both sides, and so *go dhee thu slan*, Paddy, till I see you ag'in."

Our country readers all know that many thousand matches are made in this manner, either by the established matchmaker, or by some one who negotiates between the parties; and who, for what reason we do not well know, is termed a Black-foot; or, if there be a reason, we presume that it is because whenever a young man undertakes this office, it mostly happens that by speaking one word for the party represented, and two for himself, he generally contrives to carry away the girl, who, in most cases, is well disposed to punish the unmanly swain who is afraid to speak for himself, and plead his own cause in person.

In the course of some months after the incidents just detailed, Paddy actually went down several evenings to Peter M'Bride's, but, as he never breathed a syllable bearing at all upon the subject which was supposed to have occasioned the visit, it was impossible to form any very explicit opinion as to the state of his feelings, or his ultimate intentions with respect to Nancy; nor, perhaps, would he have done so for some years to come, were it not that a neighbour who was friendly to both parties, in a mood between jest and earnest introduced the topic one night, and thus forced it, as it were, into discussion.

Old Peter, who well knew the active and progressive mind of his daughter, and who also calculated that there were in Paddy himself—in his household and farm, ample materials for such a

mind to work upon, was by no means averse to the match on this very account. He accordingly produced the whiskey bottle, and ere the parties separated for the night, his consent was given, and arrangements for the marriage of this apparently ill-sorted couple made, with the exception simply of the marriage-day, which Paddy requested them not to name then, nor until he could see them again. In this position matters rested for some months longer, and it was during this interval, whilst Paddy was an accepted lover, that the courtship we have already detailed as having occurred in Barny Dalton's took place. Finding that Paddy's motions were so characteristically slow, some of their friends on both sides took him in hands, and what by urging, and reasoning, and scolding, and laughing at him, they at length succeeded in getting a day appointed.

And one would naturally imagine, now that every arrangement was made, that Paddy and Nancy would walk to and from chapel or market together, as might be expected from their position and mutual engagement.

This, however, was by no means the case. Not a single jot would Paddy depart from his old habit of walking behind her, and maintaining precisely the same exact distance to which for many a long year he had been accustomed.

Time, however, which brings about every thing eventually, brought round the wedding-day, the arrangements for which had been all duly understood by the parties. As Peter M'Bride, at whose house the wedding was to be

held, lived in a direct line between Lazy Corner and the clergyman's, so was it understood, that Paddy and his party should call and breakfast there, previous to their setting out to be married by Father Buckley, the parish priest. In accordance with those regulations, so emphatically and distinctly impressed on all the parties, Peter M'Bride and his friends had their hospitable breakfast and themselves in a state of preparation, even earlier than had been agreed upon. Breakfast hour arrived, however, and yet none of the bridegroom's party made their appearance. Another hour passed—nothing to be seen along the road in the distance. What was to be done? The bride's party began to murmur, to growl, and ultimately to lose all temper—with the exception, we must say, of the bride herself, who was the only individual on whom his absence made no other impression than an exceedingly mirthful one.

It was now deemed necessary to dispatch a messenger to Lazy Corner, to ascertain the cause of the delay ; but just as he was about to start, a party, supposed to be the one expected, was discovered at the furthest visible turn of the road, approaching towards M'Bride's house. Their conjecture was correct ; the individuals visible were certainly those whom Paddy had asked to his wedding, and as they approached nearer and nearer, the good humour of the bride's friends was perfectly restored, or rather rose to a higher pitch than before.

At length they made their appearance, and the first that entered and spoke was his cousin

Andy, who, with a degree of eagerness and anxiety quite unusual to the Go-easies, said, "for the love o' God, Pether M'Bride, can you give me a blast o' the pipe? I was so busy all the mornin' makin' preparation for this weddin', that I hadn't time to take a single *shough*."

By this time they had all entered, but, much to the surprise of Peter's friends, and indeed to that of the parties on both sides, the bridegroom was not forthcoming.

"Before we talk about either pipe or tobacco," replied Peter, "where, in the name of all that's wonderful, is Paddy Go-easy from us?"

"Why, isn't he here?" asked Andy.

"Here!" replied M'Bride, "no, he's not here."

"Why, thin, he promised to meet us here," said Andy, "an' if he's not here, the devil a one o' me knows any thing about him."

Here followed a long and original discussion as to what could have become of him; where he could have gone to, or why he was not at his post; and still we must say, the only individual who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the thing, was the bride herself.

"You take it very lightly, Nancy," said her father, "especially when you ought to consider the affront that he has put on you by such neglect."

"Indeed, father," she replied laughing, "I wonder that you, who ought to know him so well, should speak as you do—surely, the miracle would be to see him keepin' his word."

"Well, in throth, you're right enough, Nancy—

but what's to be done? it's now past two o'clock."

"He'll drop in by-and-by," she replied, "or if he does not come to day, maybe he will to-morrow; and you know one day's as good as another."

During all this delay it is not to be supposed that scouts were not sent out every five or ten minutes, "to see if they could see," any sign of him, as the phrase is. About half-past two, however, a man resembling him was descried in the distance coming along at a very slow pace. They all went out to see, and, certainly, there he was, advancing as if he were just strolling along, more like an invalid than a man on his way to be married.

"Why, Paddy," exclaimed M'Bride, when he had at length arrived, "in the name of all that's vexatious, what kept you to this hour, an' how the devil is it, that you come on your wedding day in such a trim as this?"

"What?"

"What—devil take yourself and your everlasting *what!* you're enough to vex a saint. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Morrow, Dan," said he, addressing one of the bride's party.—"What news in Slathmore?"

Dan laughed heartily, however, at his coolness, as did most of those present. It was only now, however, that M'Bride's inquiries had reached his intellect, and he accordingly answered him,—having first looked down at the incongruous state of his own habiliments:—

"Why," said he, "the truth is, I left the mak ins

of my weddin' shoot wid Billy Blackbird the tailure, (tailor) but he wasn't at home when I wint, an' I said I'd call and leave my measure agin, but the sorro' one of it but went clane out o' my head, an' so purshuin' to the stitch is in them, an' —Arra, how are you Mickey?" he said, addressing an acquaintance, "an' how are you all down in Mullaghmore?"

"Faix there is no use in complainin'," replied Mickey; "we're all tol lol, barrin' my uncle Barney Casey, that loses his appetite three times a day, poor man."

"The Lord look down on him—Why arn't you sittin', Mickey?—but I'll tell you what'll do him good—it did me good when I had the *Lhin Roe*—the red wather, you know, in my stomach—Mary Moan the midwife wanted to take me in hands, but as she had by all accounts something to do wid the fairies I did not like her to come next or near me, the devil a foot,—but what I'm speakin' about is *bog bine*,—I know it's as bitter as the divel—but for all that, let him drink half a gallon of it fastin', wid the help o' God, an' my hand to your's, Mickey, it 'll give him an appetite that 'll make the family look sharp—it gave me an appetite like a horse.—Isn't this a glorious day, the Lord be praised!"

"Why, thunder and ounze, Paddy," said his intended father-in-law, "do you remember that you're to be married to my daughter to day?"

Paddy instinctively looked down at his dress, and then about him, with a very perplexed face, as if asking them, what was to be done under the circumstances. After some reflection, however,

he tapped Andy, who was to act as groom's man, on the shoulder, and brought him out towards the farm yard, where they both remained for about fifteen or twenty minutes. This absence occasioned fresh surprise, as the company could not possibly form the remotest guess as to the cause of their disappearance. Peter himself, who had been several times during the day upon the point of utterly losing his temper, was now about to protest against the marriage altogether, and withdrawing his consent, when Paddy and his "groom's man" returned, each in a state of metamorphosis as ludicrous as ever was witnessed by man. Andy, who was little more than half the size of his overgrown cousin, came in, sailing as it were, in Paddy's immense jock, which trailed the ground behind him, and waddling in his huge inexpressibles and waistcoat, with a forced stride that was truly irresistible; whilst Paddy, on the other hand, immediately followed him in one of the most pitiable and at the same time grotesque plights in which unfortunate bridegroom ever stood. Just picture to yourself, gentle reader, a big-boned, straggle-jointed man, awkward almost to a miracle, even at best, squeezed up in the coat of a person who wants more than one-third of his size. About six inches of his huge bones projected below the arms of his newly-assumed coat, whilst the unmentionables were still more irresistibly convulsive, buttoning as they did *not* across the pan of his knee, and displaying a large chasm of dun-coloured linen between them and the short waistcoat. In truth, there was

no withstanding this double transformation; and the consequence was that even old Peter himself laughed along with the rest, until he was scarcely able to stand.

In this graceful costume, the bridegroom and his tight-looking man put themselves at the head of the now united party, and set out for Father Buckley's residence. In Knockdrimna they were to stop and enjoy the wedding treat usual on such occasions, where a fiddler had been engaged to meet them, so that Paddy and Andy both had the pleasant prospect before them of further exhibiting the grace and appropriateness of their figures and dresses in the dance.

In this manner the procession advanced very slowly towards Tulnavert, where Father Buckley lived—we say slowly, because Paddy, in addition to his natural reluctance to fast travelling, was on this occasion so completely cramped by the comical tightness of his costume, that it was with great difficulty he was able to keep up with them, slowly as they moved. A snail, however, if it lived long enough, could travel round the earth, and accordingly in process of time they arrived at Father Buckley's. That worthy gentleman was not very well satisfied at having been kept such an unconscionable length of time waiting, especially as he had other duties to perform.

He had no sooner caught a glimpse of Paddy and his man, however, than his natural good humour returned in full tide, and, in common with the others, he was forced to laugh outright. He then commenced the ceremony, until he had come to that part of it where he is asked "wilt

thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together, &c. in the holy estate of matrimony?" &c., to which words, the only answer he received from Paddy was a solemn silence. His man Andy, seeing that his mind was otherwise engaged, plucked him, whispering at the same time, "don't you hear what his Reverence is sayin' to you?"

Paddy then looked at the priest, who once more pronounced the words without looking on the book, a circumstance which led Paddy to imagine that the words the priest used were private conversation, and no part of the ceremony;—"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" &c.

"What?"

The priest stared again, and repeated the words a third time:—"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" &c.

"Ay, will I," replied Paddy; "what the dickens else brought me here?"

The worthy clergyman very firmly compressed his lips together, and then instructed him how to reply, and so the ceremony once more proceeded until it was necessary to produce the ring.

"Where's the ring?" asked Father Buckley.

"What ring?" said the bridegroom.

"The marriage ring, of course," replied the priest.

"The never a ring in my company," returned the other—"I never wanst thought of it—bud an age, what'll we do?"

Nancy, however, had not been so improvident, for whilst this little dialogue proceeded, she

slipped her hand into her pocket, and, without looking back, handed a ring to her father, who knelt behind her. This having been produced, the ceremony proceeded without interruption to the close, when Paddy and she rose up man and wife. In one matter, however, Paddy was *not* late on that day. It is customary at rustic weddings for any young man present to secure the first kiss from the bride—if he can; and for this there is generally a smart struggle, so smart indeed sometimes, that the husband not unfrequently comes in for his at the close. On the present occasion, however, Paddy, contrary to all expectation, gathered himself up towards the conclusion of the ceremony in such a way as to be ready to spring upon his feet in the shortest possible space of time, and accordingly when the benediction was pronounced, the last word of it was lost in a smack which would have produced half a dozen echoes at Killarney. “Now,” said Paddy, “every one for himself and God for us all; I am safe, bedad, any how—ha, ha, ha!”

The marriage fees being paid, the party retraced their steps, and proceeded to Barny Dalton’s, where Paddy and Andy had the pleasure of showing off in a four part reel, with two of as merry partners as ever sported a neat foot; we mean the bride and her maid, who were fairly obliged to sit down from the exhaustion of mirth occasioned by the habiliments and gracefulness of action, which characterized the motions of the redoubtable bridegroom and his fashionable man.

How the wedding dinner was eaten amid fun and jocularities, how the stocking was thrown, and

how the guests all drank "long life and happiness to the new-married couple," it is unnecessary for us to write.

Having now brought our hero to what, in other more important compositions, is considered as the reward of his virtues, it would, one might suppose, be our duty, to let the curtain fall upon him and his bride ; but as we are not writing this book in conformity with the laws of romantic fiction, but according to those of truth and public utility, we feel it our duty, after having shown him as an impersonation of the indolent and negligent spirit peculiar to a large class of our countrymen, to let our readers see how far the recuperative principle may be developed in him by an individual who represents our national activity, and the awakened tendencies to progress and improvement. That individual is his wife, who now takes her place beside him upon our humble stage, to show that portion of the world through which our little book shall pass, the admirable virtues and valuable qualities which adorn an Irishwoman, and diffuse so many blessings through that sphere of tenderness and affection, the sacred circle of domestic life in our own country.

CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY CONSULTATION—THE BRIDE IS BROUGHT HOME—SPECIMENS OF THE CLEAN AND ODORIFEROUS.

IN about a month after their marriage, Paddy came to the resolution, as was but natural, of bringing home his wife. And in order that there might be, what they termed, “a daicent let out” on the occasion, he and his sisters laid their heads together, and like a company of American Indians indulging in the *calumet*, or pipe of peace, they held a grand palaver upon what should constitute the component parts of the entertainment.

“Paddy,” said Peggy, with whom the reader has had the pleasure of being made slightly acquainted, with reference to the topic of education—“Paddy, you that knows the world, what will we have for the dinner on Monday next? We can’t be worse than they wor surely.”

“Begad, Peggy,” he replied, “we’ll jist have what our father and mother used to have before us; a couple of fat geese—a square o’ bacon an’ a big miscaun o’ butther—for, after all, divil a two things aits betther together, wid a good whang of thick oaten bread, not too well done, but a little soft in the heart, than a lump o’ good fat bacon that you

could see through, an' a piece of good strong ould butther that tells its own age as you put it to your nose, before you taste it at all. Och! begad the thoughts of it is making my teeth wather!"

"Bedad, Paddy," replied his sister, "that will be brave aiten, sure enough."

"Faix it will so," observed Miss Biddy—"but we must have a pudden I think; mustn't we Paddy, you that knows?" Before we go farther we deem it necessary to say here, that these simple but ignorant girls, who, unless to mass, or perhaps twice a year, that is, at Christmas or Easter, to Knockdrimna market, never went beyond the bounds of Lazy Corner farm, looked up to their brother as an oracle—as a man whose converse with the world was deep and extensive, and who, in consequence of his always attending market, and of having once bought a horse in a foreign country, that is to say, in the fair of Ballyspavin, about eleven miles distant, they knew in their souls was a man who could scarcely be mistaken in any thing. This opinion of his experience and universal knowledge flattered Paddy very much, and completely rivetted the affection which had always subsisted between him and them.

"Don't you think," said Biddy, "that we ought to have a pudden Paddy, you that knows?"

"Ay, ought we, Biddy, and must too."

"Ay, but," said Madge the eldest, "what will we do for a pudden bag?"

"Make a pratie pudden in the pot," said Peggy, "wid flower and onions and sweet milk?"

"Ay," said Paddy, licking his lips, "that

wouldn't be bad—but you know my mother, God be good to her, used to make a bag pudden."

"That's thrue enough, God rest her," said Madge, "an' now I remimber that the last two puddens she made wor boiled in the boulsther."

"Very well," said Paddy, "an' if my mother boiled a pudden in the boulsther, can't we do the same? I'm sure we're not bettther nor prouder than she was."

"God forbid," replied Madge, "that we should be bettther than her; for sure where was there ever sich a woman?"

Oh, precious affection of the heart! Pure but untutored piety, in what other country could you live in such tenderness and strength, especially when surrounded by circumstances that would make the heart in others cease to develop those beautiful and holy influences which light up the cold cabin of poverty, and pour your consecrating spirit upon ignorance itself!

"There never was her aigual, sure enough," said Paddy; "but Madge, *achora*,—throth," said he, suddenly addressing his sister Peggy, "you might offer one a suck o' the pipe, Peggy, *achora*. Oh, by Jamini, it's she that can taich us all to smoke;" he added, "see how she houlds out her chin, and shuts her eyes; put in more tobaccy, I bid you; listen how she has the pipe in the dead rattle,—whistlin'; that's it, stick to it, *achora*, ha! ha! ha!"

"Here," said Peggy, handing him the now exhausted pipe, "take what you can out of it, an' that won't be much."

"Throth, *achora*," said Paddy, putting in his

little finger as he spoke, "I find it's but an empty compliment; he then pulled out a round iron tobacco box, which he opened, and projecting an inch or two of the tobacco that lay coiled in it, he clapped it between his teeth, bit it off, and placing it in the palm of his left hand, commenced disentangling it with the fingers of his right, until he had it sufficiently loose for the pipe; he then lit it, and resumed the dialogue and the smoking both together.

"But, Madge," said he, "do you remimber what the pudden was made of?"

"Throth I can't say I do; an' that's against us too," she replied.

"It's against us," observed Paddy, "that's a sure case."

"I know," said Biddy, "that there was plenty of eggs in it, an' plenty of butther in it; an' what's this else?—By goxty I forget the rest."

"I think myself there was bacon in it," said Paddy; "but I'm not sure."

Peggy here burst out a laughing. "Why what heads you all have," she exclaimed; "sure it was made of eggs and butther, and flower; an' by goxty there was plenty of new milk in it too, an' some spices, but I don't know what they wor."

"One thing *I* know," said Paddy, with a confidence that was intended to put down all doubt and opposition, "an' that is, that there was plenty of garlick to give it a relish."

"I don't think there was then," replied Peggy, "the sorra bit, Paddy."

"Well Peggy, *achora*, maybe you know the world betther than I do?"

"Whisht, Peggy," said Madge, "an' don't be contradictin' *him*; hasn't he the best right to know?"

"Ay have I; I think I ought, too; an' so you see, Madge, put plenty of strong garlick into it, an' you'll have a strong thumpin' pudden that'll do us credit."

"Throth an' I will, Paddy. Well, then, what next? Or is that ail? What 'ud you think of a piece of fresh mait?"

"Fresh mait, Madge! is it jokin' you are? Hell resave the morsel of fresh mait 'ill come here. Sure you wouldn't disgrace us, *acushta*; I tell you that daicent and sponisible people never have fresh mait, or any body but scuts."

"Throth," said Peggy, "an' I think a piece o' fresh mait's a very nice thing for all that. I remember once tastin' a bit o' mutton at Roger M'Gaveran's, an' I thought it beautiful."

"Ay," rejoined her worthy brother, (coming in with his invincible argument,) "but did you ever know my father or mother to use a morsel o' fresh mait? No, divil a taist of it ever they'd let undher the roof; and maybe you'll say *they* didn't know what was daicent an' right?"

"Very well, Paddy, sure *I* don't care?"

"I know you don't, *avillish*. Well, but maybe we'll have two or three other things; any how, there must be lashins and lavins, an' plenty o' whiskey over an' above. And now, Peggy *achora*, go, an' bring me a couple of eggs till I suck them, for I feel as dhry as a stick afther that salt bacon."

"Ay will I," replied Peggy: and having fetched him the eggs, she made a hole in the end

of each with a pin, and then handing them to him, he soon, with great tact, and a most ludicrous gathering of the facial muscles, cleared them of their contents.

Thus closed this great sumptuary debate, and Paddy having slaked his thirst, after his wont, went out to take a saunter over his farm.

Eversince their marriage it might have been observed that there were very slight and extremely faint dawnings of change in Paddy's memory, or rather in that extraordinary forgetfulness which really did not proceed from any original want of the power of recollection, but from a complete indolence of mind, which indolence, or which mind, if you will, was still more debilitated and relaxed by an incessant indulgence in that poisonous, stupefying, and filthy weed, tobacco. For instance, he went on the day after his marriage to Billy Blackbird, the tailor, and made him take his measure for the clothes we spoke of. Again he was with him to inquire if they were made, either on the second or third day after that on which Blackbird had promised to finish them. This—even this—was wonderful in Paddy, and astounded the poor tailor, who on all other occasions had left him to wait until an idle day should occur, or until it might be perfectly his own convenience to work for him. Paddy, however, had now got an impulse, and a spirit was near capable of furnishing him not only with a motive, but also with the method of working it out. Small and minute, it is true, were the points in his character and habits of life, which were first affected by the spirit to which we allude. For we need scarcely say, that

any attempt to produce rapid and violent changes in such a mind as Paddy's, would have alarmed him into that superstition of habit which ignorance had made sacred to him, and caused him to look upon any departure from his own usages as an act of gross impiety towards the memory of his parents. Great delicacy was therefore necessary, lest, in plucking out the tares of ignorance, better and more valuable principles might not be uprooted with them; for Paddy, with all his social and agricultural ignorances, was sincerely honest and religious.

Nancy, indeed, was a keen and a close observer, and it is only just to her to say, that whilst the world at large saw nothing in her husband but sluggish indolence, and ignorance that appeared almost invincible, she was able also to discern his honesty, his great love of truth, his childlike simplicity, and, above all, an unconscious piety that was so utterly unaffected and spontaneous, as scarcely to be observable. It might be said to resemble one of those pure and crystal wells so common to our country, in which the water is often so clear, that when one stands over it, and looks into the bottom, it actually ceases to be visible. Nancy M'Bride, we say, saw all this, although the great, gross, blind world did not; and upon the strength and correctness of her own perceptions she resolved to marry him, and to try how far judicious treatment might succeed in infusing into him those principles of active industry, forethought, and punctuality, the want of which constituted his chief defects as a member of the general community. Whether she underrated

the materials she had to work on, or over-estimated her own powers, will appear as we proceed.

The day appointed for bringing her home at length arrived, and with it also came Paddy, not more than an hour or two behind his time. On this occasion, he was dressed more creditably than he had ever been during his life, for he had now a whole suit of new clothes upon him at once, a category in which he had never stood before, and in which, were it not for his wife, he would not have stood now. On arriving at Peter M'Bride's he took his smoke as usual, and, truth to tell, *was* near forgetting the business on which he came. Having sat for some time, however, he looked two or three times in a wistful manner at Nancy; he was accompanied on this occasion by his cousin Andy, and one or two other friends, as is the custom.

M'Bride, however, who was an honest man, and who, having looked upon Paddy's character through the medium of his daughter's prejudices in his favour, took that opportunity of reading him a small but friendly lecture upon money matters, and the necessity occasionally of a little worldly prudence, and this, too, in the presence of his friends. Perhaps we might add also, that it is barely possible there may have been a slight touch of vanity in the little exhibition of conscientiousness and generosity which he was about to make.

"Paddy Go-easy," said he, "you are now goin' to bring home my daughter as your wife—she is lavin' her mother and me—lavin' that hearth

where I can say she never gave one of our family a sore heart ;"—his voice became unsteady, and he paused for a minute or two, during which he wiped away a few tears that he could not restrain—his wife had been crying the whole morning, and even Nancy herself had wept frequently, as was not surprising, when one considers the nature of that first and last separation from the parental roof, under which they had felt all that forms, and regulates, and determines the whole character of their future life.

"No," he repeated, after wiping his eyes, "she never up to the present minute gave any one of us a sore heart—a sore heart!" he exclaimed, "no, nor a sad heart, nor a troubled heart, nor a ruffled heart. Well, that's the Almighty's truth, at all events—but, Paddy, you are bringin' her home to-day, an' you're now both married near five weeks; an', Paddy, either before your marriage, or at the match-making, or since, aren't you a nice fellow, never once to ask me what fortune I could give my daughter?"

"Bedad, Pether," replied our hero, "it wasn't the fortune, but Nancy herself I was thinkin' about."

"Well, then," said M'Bride, "it was forgetfulness only! and only it left your head you'd not pass it over."

"Faix, Pether, you're too hard for me—I have all I wanted, an' I'm satisfied. I didn't mintion a fortune, bekaise I didn't care a single rap about a fortune. Nancy, *achora*, make haste—the day's gettin' late, an' I wouldn't like the dinner

to be could upon us, an' it the first you ever *ett* wid me."

"Still Paddy," persisted M'Bride, "why didn't you ask a fortune with my daughter?"

"Don't bother me, Pether—throth I think you've got a sup in your head. I have all the fortune I ever wanted, an' that's my darlin' Nancy, that I'll larn something to soon—eh?"

"Throth an' I will bother you, Paddy, and out o' this house, and from under this roof you'll not go, till I pay you down one hundhre and fifty guineas as a fortune, take it as you like."

"Hell resave the farden of your money ever 'ill go into my pocket, Pether, an' that ends it. Come, Nancy, *achora machree*, let us get out o' this as soon as we can—I'm in a hurry to get you home. Pether, I thought you had common sense till now, to think that I cared a rap farden about your money. Oh, ay indeed! that's what was never *throw*n in the face of any one o' my name afore, and I'm sure I'm not goin' to be the first o' my family to do a mane or shabby thing. Come, Nancy, *achora*, the time's passin'. Andy," he said, addressing his cousin, "do you get the horses ready, bekaise if we don't start immediately we'll be late for the dinner."

While he addressed Andy, and for a minute or two afterwards, Nancy called her father aside. "Father," said she, "did you ever expect to hear him say *he was in a hurry*?"

"Me! it's wonderful!"

"Well, you hear he has said so, and that's only the beginnin' of it—wait a little, that's all."

"It's wondherful to hear him say wid my own ears that he's in a hurry!"

"Give me the money, an' let me alone for puttin' it to a good use—only, father, afther a while—a month or two—I've a notion of bringing James up to Lazy Corner to help me out with my reformatations, for you know I can't be every where myself."

"Very well, Nancy, he will go since you wish it; and here, my darling daughter, keep these notes safe—it would be useless to force them on him, but do you use them whenever there's any necessity; and now make haste, *achora machree*, an' a lonely house we'll have afther you." She then put the bank notes in her pocket, and after all the distressing ceremonies of leave-taking had been gone through, she, her brother James, and a female friend, accompanied by a few of Paddy's friends, proceeded to that homestead in which she was to spend the future period of her life, whether the same were to eventuate in happiness or misery.

Nancy, although living not more than about a couple of miles from Lazy Corner, had never been in Paddy's house, although she had frequently passed over his farm in many directions. This, consequently, was the first occasion that had ever offered to her of seeing that household economy of which she had more than once heard very strong opinions expressed. She was consequently prepared to feel—we do not exactly know the term to use here—but we will use one that is tolerably well understood of late days, and it is termed "*reaction*." Her bridesmaid accompanied her

home, and on arriving at the house, which to her constituted that holy word, they found themselves, or rather their horses—for they had come on horseback and pillion—on a guttery pavement that surrounded the door, and emitted an odour such as had scarcely ever gratified their nostrils before. This was unpleasant enough, but it was for the moment forgotten in the warmth and vehement sincerity of affection with which she was greeted by Madge, Bidy, and Peggy Go-easy, one of whom (Madge) lifted her from the pillion like an infant, and planted her in a causeway of mud, where she was up to her ancles, and in which position she was obliged to stand until they had almost eaten her with kisses, and squeezed her ribs with their loving but athletic embraces, till they were near separating from ~~what~~ surgeons call the vertebral column. No ~~matter~~; affection, when it is felt to be sincere, covers, and ought to cover—ay, and on this occasion, did cover all the sins against good taste and cleanliness with which Nancy felt that she was surrounded. They had not, however, entered the house yet, but they soon would, and they soon did. “Well,” thought Nancy, “when we get *into* the house we will be free from this filthy smell that rises from the gutter or sink ; and I wonder they’d keep such a thing at the door, and under their very noses.”

All this was very natural in the way of reflection, no doubt, especially as coming from a girl who had from her very infancy been trained to order, neatness, cleanliness, and the habit of never seeing any thing disorderly or out of place without instantly setting it right. In a minute

or two they found themselves in the house, and again a tremendously affectionate round of kissing and hugging matches, *she dhe vehas* and *cead mille fáiltes* took place, which for a moment diverted her senses from that which was soon to try them still more severely.

"An', Nancy darlin', you're welcome a thousand an' a thousand times, an' its as proud as paycocks we are to see you reignin' over Lazy Corner," said Madge, the eldest, accompanying the words with a squeeze, which made her feel at once that it came from Paddy's sister.

"To be sure," proceeded Biddy, "and devil resave the word that'll come out o' your lips but'll be a law to us." We pause to observe here, that in consequence of Paddy's great knowledge of the world, the poor girls thought it their duty and a proof of their respectability to practise all his oaths, especially when in conversation with strangers.

"Ay, but," said Peggy, running to the fire and lighting the pipe, "sure she wants a smoke afther her journey. Here, Nancy darlin', take a dhraw o' this; it's Muckitee's pig-tail, sure."

"Thank you," said Nancy, with a smile, which showed that she thoroughly understood all the fulness and sincerity of this uncouth affection—"thank you, but I don't smoke."

"Sure we know that, but you'll never larn younger," she replied. "Paddy says *he'll* larn you, but faix we won't let him, *we'll* larn you ourselves. Come, *acushla*, take a draw of it, and it'll do you good."

Nancy's consciousness of the child-like since-

rity of their affection prevented her from laughing, for she felt her heart touched and moved by their simplicity, and the generous spirit with which she was welcomed to their brother's house, and that, too, under circumstances so strongly calculated to produce in most female bosoms feelings of a very different class.

"Don't ask me, Peggy dear," said she, "for indeed I can't smoke, and never had a pipe in my mouth since I was born."

"Sorrow matther for that," replied Peggy, taking it out of her own mouth in a glow—"here, now, there's a beginnin' for every thing. Come now, a pull or two, an' you'll find it beautiful."

"If I could I would; but surely, Peggy, you wouldn't sicken me."

"Make her," exclaimed Biddy; "she has betrayed herself—how could she know whether it 'ud sicken her or not, barrin' she had thried it."

Nancy looked at her, and her eye assumed a gleam of satisfaction—"there is more sense," she thought to herself, "where that observation came from, and I don't despair to do good here yet."

"Madge," said Biddy, "come an' help us to make her; she has smoked before, I know by what she said."

"No," replied Madge, "it's not a beggarly smoke out of a tobaccy pipe we're goin' to give her *now*. Here, *acushla*, jist taste these—a bit o' bread, a bit o' mate, an' a taste o' the blessed salt—an' may you an' Paddy, or your childre afther you never stand in need of any one of them. Amin, we all pray Jasus this day—amin!"

This being customary as handsel to the newly-

arrived bride, she merely tasted each, and while she did so, Biddy whispered to her sister Peggy:

"We had betther wait, Peggy, wid the pipe, till afther she aits her dinner, an' then we can thry her agin."

Mrs. Go-easy, as we ought now to call her, having, together with her female friend, been conducted to her own room in order to take off their cloaks and shawls, were assailed on entering it with a smell so heavy and sickening that they could scarcely bear it. It was not a smell orginating from any one substance, on the contrary, it resembled in name at least what is termed by painters a *composition*; that is to say, it was composed of such a comprehensive variety of odours, each worse than another, and all striving to no purpose for mastery, that unskilled as Nancy was in such matters, it is not to be wondered at that she felt herself utterly incapable of tracing the causes through their effects. "In God's name," she whispered to her companion, who was named Mary Molloy, while Madge, who attended them, had gone to get a bit of broken looking-glass from her own room—"in God's name, Mary, what dreadful smell is this? I will never be able to stand it."

"I don't know," replied her friend, "what it comes from; but whatever it is, or whatever it comes from, I declare it has me deadly sick."

At this moment Madge entered, and Nancy said, "do you not feel a terrible heavy smell in the room?"

"A smell," replied Madge with surprise, "no,

the sorra smell I feel, but the smell o' the dinner, that's now near done."

"For God's sake," said Mary Molloy, "let us thry an' open the windy: I'm stifled fairly."

"Yes," added Nancy, "we had bettther let in a little fresh air to take away this bad smell, whatever it is."

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, in throth, it's ravin' yez are, you foolish crathurs; the sorra bad smell ever was about this house or place; but sure even if there was, you'd not be mad enough to go to let in the could air to be the death of yez."

Nancy gave an inward groan, for she began now to feel in all its difficulty the manifold task she had to encounter. "Oh, no indeed," she replied, "you'll find that the fresh air will benefit the place very much, an' won't do us the least harm; so let us try."

"Very well, *acushla*," replied Madge, "you may try, but I think you'll find it a hard task to open that windy, barrin' you take it out altogether; why, Lord help your innocent sowl, woman alive, sure there's not one of these windy's was ever made to open."

The girl was perfectly right, the windows never, as she said, having been so constructed, defied every effort to open them; but as out of eight panes there were only two of glass and six of paper, Nancy contrived, as if by accident, to put her hand several times through two or three of them, by which means as much air was admitted as considerably relieved them.

Having now adjusted their dress, and arranged

their side-locks at the little glass, they returned again to the kitchen where the smell was indeed very little better than that of the bed-room. On looking about her, Nancy was not merely surprised, but shocked at the frightful state of neglect and desolation in which every thing appeared ; and again she groaned at heart on contemplating the almost insuperable difficulties that lay before her ; she saw nothing at all, in fact, around her that did not require immediate and instant change. What was to be done, however, even now ? She felt herself distressed and weak, and would have wished to go into the pure air for awhile, but unless she should stroll out to the fields, she might as well remain where she was, for the effluvium from the sink and shore was as offensive as that in the house. She now remembered that she had put a little scent bottle of lavender in her pocket a few days before, and pulling it out, she poured a few drops of it upon her own pocket-handkerchief and Mary's, and this relieved them very much.

Paddy, in the meantime, had been whispering a good deal with Biddy and Peggy about something that appeared to have been lost or mislaid, and at length he came into the kitchen carrying a large jar by the ear, and in the other hand an egg-shell.

"Begad, neighbours," said he, laughing, "we had a *flyin' glass* in the house antil Friday last, but what has become of it, or whether it has *flewn* away wid itself or not, there's no one here can tell : any how, here's as good, an' all I wish is, that we had as much good whiskey as we could

dhrink out of it. Nancy, your health, darlin', an' you're welcome home!"

Nancy thanked him, and when he offered her the egg-shell filled with whiskey, she took it, and wishing to add a little water to it, asked Madge if she could get a cup and a little cold water to mix with the spirits, for the truth was that the poor girl actually felt sickish, if not positively unwell, and she thought a little spirits and water might relieve and sustain her. Madge, on hearing the question put to her, stared, first at Nancy, and then at her sisters—whilst the latter, imitating herself, stared at her and Nancy in return, evidently as much at a loss what to say or what to think as she was.

"What do you mane by a cup?" at length Madge inquired.

"A tay cup," replied Nancy.

"A tay cup!! Lord bless us! Sure you'd not have us tay dhrinkers—you don't think we're so bad as all that comes to?"

"No," said Paddy, supporting them, "neither my father nor mother ever allowed a grain o' tay to come undher their roof—and good raison why, sure *every one* knows it's the divil's plant, an' comes from the counthry where the ould boy is worshipped, the Lord guard us from him an' his, the dirty thief!"

"Well," said Nancy, "if I had a little water to dhrink afther it I'd thank you. This was enough, Madge flew to the dresser, whipped a wooden noggin from it, and filling it with pure water—for that at least was pure—handed it to her.

Nancy seized it by the long handle called an ear, and was about to put it to her lips, when feeling something as it were unctuous and clammy against her palm, she looked at the ear so called, and saw upon it a coat to the depth of nearly a quarter of an inch of moist soft matter, consisting of the sizzly pulp of boiled potatoes, which had been communicated to it by the unwashed hands that had grasped it at meals; but this was not all, on looking at the mouth and the inside of the vessel, she saw that it was lined with the soft dregs of sour buttermilk, and that there were on that part of it which is put to the mouth, the visible mark of whatever two well-sized lips had last come in contact with it.

She immediately gave it back, and, in order to conceal the strong sensation of loathing which she felt coming on her, she swallowed a little of the spirits, and by a wonderful effort of firmness preserved her composure so as not to betray what she endured.

The egg-shell then went about to the health and happiness of the new-married couple, after which they all sat down in the kitchen, where the dinner was to be eaten, for although the house contained a parlour, or a room intended for one, yet it was never used as such by any of the Go-easy family.

Dinner was ready to be dished, as the saying is, but Nancy had yet to witness an instance of ingenuity and skill that had never come within her experience before. There stood beside the fire, fixed upon three large stones, placed in a

triangle, an immense pot—one of those huge ones, in which it was customary, formerly, to distil illicit spirits—and for this very reason it is called *poteen*.—Under this pot was a large turf fire, and *in* it three geese, two turkeys, an immense flitch of bacon, together with another commodity or two, which we shall soon describe. Each of the three Misses Go-easy got about this pot, which somewhat resembled that of the witches in *Macbeth*, only that here the fair witches took out instead of putting in. First out came the three fine fat geese ; next appeared the two turkeys, after these, the bacon we spoke of, and, though last not least, something which sadly puzzled Mrs. Go-easy to understand. Whatever it may have been, it lay close to the bottom of the pot as if reluctant to give up its position, or, as one might not inappropriately imagine, from a strong apprehension of falling into unfriendly hands. Various were the attempts they made to get it up, and sometimes they did succeed in forcing it to raise its head, but no sooner had it seen the array of eager-looking faces, each with a ravenous spirit glaring out of his eyes, than down it popped once more to the bottom, as if determined to escape the impending onslaught. Pot-stick and churn-staff were tried in vain ; it was too agile, and slipped and turned about in every direction, but refused point blank to come up.

“ Begad, girls,” said Paddy, “ I believe it’s goin’ to be too many for yez—you’ll never get it out at that rate.”

“ Bad scan to it,” said Madge, whose per-

spiration as well as that of her large plump sisters was fast enriching the pot, "it's the sorrow of a pudden. What's to be done, Paddy?"

"Why then," said Paddy, scratching his head, "if I know, that I may never sup sorrow."

"Aisey," said Peggy, wiping the large beads of perspiration off her forehead with her greasy palm—"Aisy, be d—d but I'll bring it out or lose a fall for it."

In an instant she disappeared, and, almost as quickly returned with a horse's halter in her hand.

"Here," said she, "we'll put a loop on this, and when we get the pudden into it, never fear but we'll make it skip."

"Upon my conscience, Peggy, *achora*"—(Peggy by the way was the *genius* of the family) said Paddy, "you'd flog Europe for invintion.—Isn't that cute, Nancy darlin'?" he added, turning to his wife—"now only jist watch how *she'll* manage it."

"Come now," proceeded Peggy, who felt her pride gratified, and her genius sharpened by this compliment, "come now, you two—let one o' you get the churn-staff, and the other the big pot-stick—then hoise its head up a bit, I'll slip the loop about it, and then let it refuse to come if it dare."

These instructions were complied with, the loop was got about it, then drawn tight, and by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, up came the bolster at full length, surcharged with the materials that had been previously determined on in conclave, the garlick

included, as every nose present could now very decidedly determine.

The process of removing it was irresistible. Paddy held the halter, and the three sisters, aided by a female relative who was present, clapped the pot-stick and churn-staff under it, precisely as they carry coffins upon handspikes in the North, so that it had somewhat the appearance of a funeral procession, as they bore it from the fire to the table.

The dinner was now ready, but not set out in order, when the female relative alluded to, said to Madge, in a whisper, "My goodness, Madge, have you a table-cloth?"

"Oh, devil a stitch was undher the roof wid us for years."

"Throth, thin, it's a shame not to have a table-cloth," observed the girl, whose name was Sally Farrell.

"What's that," said Peggy, also in a whisper—"what is it, Sally?"

Sally repeated her observation to Peggy. "Throth you're right," said the latter, "but wait a minute," continued the genius, "we won't be widout a table-cloth aither—the sorra bit ;" and again she disappeared.

"Take these things off o' the table," she said, on her return ; "we can do very well widout a sheet for a night or two, as we often did afore."

This was to Sally, but still in a whisper. The dishes being removed, she spread a sheet of very questionable pretensions to cleanliness upon the table, her slow but lucid eye brightening as she

looked at Paddy, from whom she expected the usual meed of approbation; nor was she disappointed. Paddy, with a smile, clapped her on the back, exclaiming as he did it, "Augh, Peggy, begad you *are* the girl at a pinch."

Poor Nancy, ever since her arrival, felt herself alternating between smiles and tears, on looking at every thing about her, on witnessing their system of cooking, and on feeling through her olfactory organs the atmosphere she was coming to breathe; then, on comparing all this with the spotless and fragrant cleanliness of every thing she had left behind her, and been accustomed to, we need not feel surprised if she sometimes experienced much difficulty in restraining her tears; but again, there was mingled through all this such comic originality, such an unconsciousness of every thing that was offensive, and such wonderful simplicity and kindness of heart; all, too, so ludicrously displayed, that, allowing for her own strong perception of the humorous, we can easily understand the alternations just mentioned.

It is not for us to describe the dinner at any great length; but when we inform our readers that Paddy carved the fowl, and did the other honours of the table, they may form a tolerably accurate conception of the taste and tact with which he acquitted himself. As his mode of carving was one very prevalent in the remoter districts of the country, and still is so, though in a less degree, we feel it necessary to mention that he disparted the geese and turkeys on the old Adamic principle that existed before knives and

forks were made. For instance, he took the goose or turkey, as the case might be, by the two legs, and pulled until one of them came off, which he handed to the person for whom it was designed. That person received it, and eat it out of his or her hand. The other leg and wings were separated in the same way ; but it sometimes happened that the fowl was old and tough, in which case two persons stepped to the floor in order to have a clear stage and no favour, where each pulled, until after much hard tugging the joint gave way.

Upon this system it was that Paddy *carved* the fowls, and as they had but one knife in the house, and no fork, so was it necessary that the bacon should be cut into thin slices, which were eaten with the fingers. It may be observed here that after dinner had commenced, as Paddy's family always ate their meals with the door most hospitably open, the invited guests were joined by a very unexpected accession of those to whom no invitations had been given. Three or four pigs entered the kitchen, and approaching the table with a very knowing and privileged air, appeared to demand a portion of the good things that were so abundant. These again were followed by hens, ducks, turkeys, geese, all of which seemed as well acquainted, from habit and indulgence, with the hour of meals as did any one of the family. It was in vain to try to drive them out. When repulsed directly from the table, they roved through the kitchen, poking their heads or noses experimentally into the vessels about the dresser, overturning some and

shivering others, if they happened to meet with crockery, and uttering at the same time such a variety of noises as constituted but a very indifferent orchestra for the amusement of those who were at dinner. Habit, however, appeared to have rendered this a second nature to the family, who, provided they kept them immediately from the table, hindered them no further.

We need not assure the reader that neither Nancy nor *her* friends evinced any very extraordinary feats of gastronomic prowess on the present occasion. The truth is, she could scarcely believe her eyes, for although she had frequently witnessed every thing she saw here before, yet it was in the houses of the poorest and the humblest people, where, however reprehensible it might be, still it was not so extraordinary. Her amazement, however, could not be expressed on finding that the family and domestic residence of a man who held a hundred and thirty acres at almost a nominal rent, should be so far back in all that constitutes the comforts and decencies of life. It is true she had heard of their slovenly way of living, but it never entered her head that she should find matters in such a woful plight as that in which she witnessed them.

The evening, after dinner, was spent as such evenings usually are. A fiddler was sent for, and several of the neighbours also dropped in, and, what between dancing and drinking, every thing went off very well with those who were accustomed to such a state of things. Not so, however, so far as Nancy or Mary Molloy were concerned, or James M'Bride, whose melan-

choly and condoling looks, loaded as they were with a strong expression of nausea, seemed to sympathise with his sister's most unhappy and calamitous union.

"I might have known how it would turn out," thought he, "but how the devil could I or any one expect sich a state of things as this? Oh, poor Nancy! I'm afraid, although I know your activity and perseverance, that you'll be fairly swamped in sich a villanous quagmire of filth as you've got into here. Wait till my father an' mother sees it; they'll both go beside themselves, so they will; devil a thing else they'll do—Poor Nancy!"

At length it was time to separate, and bid each other good night; but before they went, Nancy got a candle, and bringing her brother into another room, thus addressed him, or was about to address him, when her eyes filled with tears, and before she could speak a word, she threw herself into his arms and wept. "Oh, James dear," said she, "who could ever dream of expectin' this?"

"Nobody livin'," he replied, "and very few dead either; what is to be done, Nancy dear? for from the bottom of my heart I pity you."

"Oh no," she proceeded, "I din't imagine that things could be so bad. Do you feel the abominable sickening smell that comes upon you, turn as you may? an' sich a dinner, too!"

"D—n them; I wish to God you had never come among them, the dirty trollops!"

"Well, but, James"—she went on, drying her tears—"there is one thing, ay, many a thing,

about them that one can't help likin'. The girls are affectionate and good-natured cratures, an' instead of feelin' any jealousy or envy at my coming over them, they'd put their hands undher my feet."

"They *are* good-natured swabs," he replied; "but then, d——n it, to lay down a sheet that had been slept on for a mortal fortnight, by way of a table cloth, an' to boil a pudding in a bolster—had it been a bolster-case, even—but in a damnable bolster—and a body not sartain whether it was even washed or not; I declare to goodness I'm in a state of starvation, for you saw I couldn't swally a morsel; an' the punch has made me as hungry as a kite."

Nancy could not help once more smiling at the doleful face and lugubrious account which her brother gave of his feelings and sufferings.

"Well, after all, James," said she, "let us not despair; I think you ought to know me better; but what I wanted to say to you is this, not to let my father and mother know that things is as bad as they are. Of coorse if they ask you you'll tell them the truth; but, if they don't, say nothing for a short time, till I see what can be done."

"Very well, Nancy, I won't; that is—as you say, barring they ask me; but isn't it a thousand pities these girls should be what they are, for, upon my conscience, they'd be fine women if they knew how to give themselves fair play. There's that Peggy, an' if she was clean an' properly dressed up, where 'ud you see the like of her? Blood, Nancy, what beautiful features she has; what a figure; an' sich a pair of arms, so

round and white ; an' I caught a glimpse of her foot an' ancle, an' upon my——”

“ Ha, ha, ha—very well, James—in so short a time, too ; but 'she's one o' the swabs, you know.”

“ No, no, Nancy, you're wrong ; don't lift me till I fall ; that cock's not goin' to fight ; I only spoke of the girl's appearance.”

“ Well now, James, you hear they're goin' ; so remember what I said to you ; an'—take care of Mary Molloy home, at all events.”

“ That's another mistake, Nancy.”

They then joined the rest of the company, and after affectionately bidding each other farewell, the invited friends, on both sides, bade our host and hostess good night, and thus closed the first day of Nancy's life as a matron under her own roof.

In the course of that evening Nancy had a hard card to play with the three sisters respecting “ the draw o' the pipe,” the fact being that each of them had a peculiar hope and expectation that she herself might be the fortunate individual in winning her over “ to join them,” as they expressed it.

Nancy's tactics, however, were masterly ; for ere the evening passed, she had secured a pledge from each of them that no further annoyance on that subject should be offered to her. To Madge she made a present of a handsome shawl ; to Biddy, a beautiful pair of cotton stockings ; and to Peggy, a “ crooked comb,” and a bonnet ; each gift being intended as the foundation of some subsequent improvement in their dress and persons, as the reader will learn by and by.

Thus then had she effected a double purpose—first, as we have said, of bringing them gradually round to estimate the value of personal cleanliness and becoming dress; secondly, in order to secure their support against Paddy on the subject of smoking. All this she had accomplished on the first night; and, indeed, ere bed-time arrived, the three sisters were in absolute distress of mind to know what they could do to make her comfortable and happy. Before separating for the night she brought them in to her own room to show them a little work-box she had fetched with her, and which she knew would gratify them very much to see it. It is impossible to express ~~their~~ wonder, and ultimately their mirth, on discovering the ~~ingenuity~~ ingenuity of some of its inward springs. They were delighted—enraptured—clapped their hands and laughed loud, as Nancy pressed a spring and out flew an unknown drawer. In this state of happiness were they when Paddy thrust his head inside the room, and asked, “what the dickens is the fun, girls?” He entered, and after having examined and admired the box, and praised it to the skies, as a box “that there wasn’t,” he thought, “many like it, any how;” he looked about him several times, and appeared to feel uncomfortable:—“there’s something wrong in the room,” said he, “but I don’t know what the sorrow it can be.” He went over as he spoke, and, looking at the window, discovered the paper panes which Nancy, to prevent herself and Mary Molloy from fainting, perhaps, had purposely broken.

“What’s this?” said he; “here’s three or four

panes put out ! who did this, does any one know ? Divil cut the hands off the vagabone that did it ; if *I knewn* them, upon my sowl I'd give them a walloppin' that they'd not forget in a hurry."

This was followed by a hearty fit of laughter on the part of the sisters ; but Nancy, although she was obliged to smile too, went over to him and said, " if you are angry, Paddy, it is with me you must be angry, because it was I did it."

" You, Nancy darlin' ; but did they tell you that this is where you're to sleep ?"

" They did indeed ; but if you'll allow the windies to be as they are this night, I'll tell you why I did it in the mornin'."

" Paddy, you must," said Madge, " or bad scran to me but we'll cudgel you out o' the house."

" Her word must be law here, Paddy," said Biddy.

" Divil resave sich another wife in Europe," said the genius, " an' that's a big word."

" What ? the whole four o' yez against me ! Oh, begad, in that case I must give in. Well, *acushla*, you must have it your own way sure. Come now, girls, and let us have a smoke afore we go to bed."

To dwell upon the enthusiasm with which these affectionate girls spoke of her, and thus unconsciously predisposed him to submit to her influence, is unnecessary. She was the delightful topic of their converse, until they separated each to their respective places of repose.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRIT OF INTELLIGENCE, ACTIVITY, AND IMPROVEMENT IS AT WORK.

THE next morning when Nancy got up—for she was an early riser—there was not a soul visible in the house, with the exception of a lubberly herd lad who attended the cattle in summer, and who lay in a truss of straw to the right of the fire as she came out of her own room. This lad never undressed himself at night, and had no other bed-clothes than an old quilt and two or three sacks. Indeed there were two reasons why he did not sleep with the other male servants in the barn, one of which was that when the pigs broke open the door in the morning, which was, we might say, a common case, he was there ready to cudgel them out again; the other was, that there being actually no bed for him in the barn, Paddy, with his untutored humanity would not allow “the poor gorsoon to starve widout blankets in the could barn, the crathur.”

Nancy, ignorant of this, had risen at her usual hour, and, as was her custom, first offered up her prayers to God; after which she resolved to go out and take a survey of the house, farm-yard, and offices. For this purpose she was in the act of seeking the bar of the door—where, we

may add, bar there was none—when the young lad in the corner exclaims, in a loud and angry tone—“ Ha, you’re there, you devil’s limb that you are—go out o’ that, I tell you, or by the hole o’ my coat, I’ll rise an’ malivogue you wid this cudgel. What, you don’t hear me, I suppose? Ay, now you do—you’re quiet. Ha, you’re at it agin, are you? Be japers, if I rise, you’ll suffer—the devil’s curse to you—for luck, or sonse, or comfort, or claneliness will never be in or about the house, till you’re sent from about it. Is it bekase you’re a new-comer, that you get on at this rate? However, new or ould, the devil a long you’ll be here, I tell you—for, bad luck to the one in the family but hates the sight of you.”

Nancy, from the exhibition of yesterday’s dinner, understood him perfectly well; but still she felt some difficulty in finding the bolt or bar, or whatever it was that secured the door, and consequently could not avoid making more or less noise in her endeavours to get out.

“ Go out o’ that, I say, an’ let me get my rest, will you? Divil tare you, is it provokin’ me you are on purpose? Sure a saint couldn’t stand this. What a bellyful o’ sleep I’d get, only for you.”

The lad, who was only about ten or twelve years of age, accustomed to those assaults at the door, and to the invasion of the animals in question, was so completely inured to such noises, that without in the slightest degree breaking his slumbers, he uttered the language we have described. Nancy, however, was obliged to speak.

“ Will you get up, my good boy, and open the door for me ; I cannot get out.”

The child, hearing a human voice, awoke, and, starting out of his bed, came to the door.

“ How do you open this door, my boy ?”

“ It is open, sure.”

“ Open ! Why you must be half asleep ; don’t you see it is shut ?”

“ No ; divil a bit of it’s shut—see here”—and as he spoke, he simply pulled it back, and it gave way to the child’s hand, without the slightest difficulty.

“ And is there neither bolt nor bar on the door at all ?” she asked.

“ No, there isn’t ; I’m the only bolt or bar that’s on it ; but it’s only against the pigs *I* am ; I never trouble my head about any thing else—nor won’t—I’m only paid for the pigs.”

She then passed out, and after having looked at and examined, with a heavy and doubtful heart, those objects immediately connected with the house and premises which we have already described, she re-entered the house, and although the morning was very far advanced, still found the whole family asleep, and the pigs rummaging through the kitchen, after having overturned a vessel of dirty water, whilst the little sentinel lay in that heavy and profound sleep which is said to come over one with its deepest influence at or before daybreak.

It is unnecessary to describe the breakfast, and the utter want of comfort which it presented to Nancy, who could scarcely taste it had it been even less objectionable in point of cleanliness

than it was. Indeed she felt by no means well, for despite the broken panes—if we can call patches of brown paper so—the room in which she slept was filled with so heavy and cold a smell, that it occasioned her headache.

When the meal was over, Paddy put his pipe in his mouth, and was about to go out; but Nancy begged him not to go for a few minutes, as she had something to say to him about the girls. She then took him aside, and thus spoke:

“Did you see the little presents I gave the girls?”

“No, sorrow sight.”

“Well, you will by-and-by; but what I want you to do is this—here’s five guineas; but you musn’t let them know it came from me.”

“Mustn’t I?”

“Not for your life.”

“But what am I to do wid it?”

“I’ll tell you that—it’s to get them dresses.”

“But sure they don’t want dresses; they’re as well dressed as ever their mother before them was; an’ I don’t think they’re better than she was, any how.”

“I’m not saying they are; but what I want you to do is this—when we’re looking at their little presents, an’ when I ask you to get Madge, or Biddy, or Peggy so and so, you’ll say you will; won’t you now?”

“I suppose there’s no harm in that, at any rate.”

“Very well, then, that’s all now; let us call them, to show you their presents.”

They were called accordingly, and desired to

show them to Paddy, which they did, their eyes literally sparkling with delight, like those of children on similar occasions. Paddy himself was surprised, and could not help giving Nancy a second smack for her kindness.

"Now, my dear Madge," says Nancy, "wait till he sees it on you;" and she herself adjusted the shawl into the proper folds, and put it round the girl's shoulders. Right well had she calculated, and was prepared for, the result. The consequences were precisely such as she had wished for and expected. The shawl, instead of exciting admiration when put on, as it did when off, occasioned them to look upon her and it with anything but satisfaction. Nancy said nothing, but she triumphed in her heart. Her sisters looked on Madge, then on each other, and on Paddy with blank and downcast countenances; whilst to Madge herself it appeared to give any thing but satisfaction.

"What ails you all?" asked Nancy—"don't you like it? *I* think it purty."

"Oh it's beautiful all out," said Peggy, "but somehow"—here she stopped.

"What do *you* think, Biddy?"

"Why," said Biddy, "the shawl itself is a beauty; but how could she wear it now?"

"I'm not sayin' she could," replied Nancy.

"Begad," said Paddy, "it would make a nice show of her; sure it's only disgracin' the rest of her clothes."

"Ay," said Nancy, "but sure if the rest of her clothes was equal to the shawl it couldn't disgrace them." Madge's eyes brightened in-

luntarily for a moment, but then fell again, and she took the shawl off with a melancholy air.

"Now, Paddy," said his wife, "that you see she has that sweet shawl, won't you give me money to get her a dress that'll agree with it, an' you'll see the right you'll have to be proud of her in earnest?"

The impression had been already made upon him; the right feeling had been addressed; the true principle of order and propriety touched, not only in him, but in them all.

"Won't you now?" she continued.

"Well, upon my sowl, I will, Nancy, an' as soon as you like you may get it for her."

"God bless you, Paddy," replied his wife; "you don't know how thankful I am to you for your kindness."

"Why, sure he was never any thing else than kind," they all exclaimed.

"I believe it," said Nancy, "and I know it; but now, Peggy, come and show your *bonnet*."

"Oh, bedad," said Peggy, producing it, "after the show the shawl made of Madge I'm ashamed to put it on me."

"Shame," said Nancy, "what 'ud you be ashamed of—hut, put it on you."

She did so, and precisely the same effect was produced. The sense of incongruity was strongly felt by these ignorant and unreasoning girls, simply because the argument was addressed to the eye, which at once drew its own irresistible inference from the obvious disparity between the shawl and the other portions of their dress. It was, in fact, a practical argument, and the most appro-

priate that could have been used to them as women—and as women so peculiarly circumstanced and brought up.

It is unnecessary to detail the consequences of that judicious and successful experiment further ; it only remains for us to say, that, until the dresses should be purchased and made up, Nancy resolved to postpone the serious announcement of her intended reforms. The trying on of her presents, she felt, would supply her with an argument and an example that could not be gainsaid ; and in order to lose no time she told him that she would herself, if they allowed her, go into Knockdrimna and purchase the dresses.

“I’ll call on Peggy Boyle,” she said, “and make her come up to measure yez ; and as you can’t wear a dress properly without stays, I’ll give Bessy Blackbird another call, and make *her* measure yez for the stays.” This was on Tuesday morning ; and on the following Saturday night it would, after each of them had tried on her stays and new dress, be rather a difficult matter for any one who had been intimate with them to believe that the individuals, now neatly and respectably dressed and washed, could be the negligent, dirty-looking slatterns of Lazy Corner.

Nancy soon had reason to congratulate herself upon the judgment with which she had, under the guise and also in the true spirit of kindness, assailed their prejudices. She soon found that a principle of taste, and order, and cleanliness had been unconsciously established in their minds by the simple but effective process she had taken, which principle, as the event proved, broke down

all the ignorant and antiquated errors that would have otherwise proved formidable obstructions to the admirable plans she had formed. Nor was this all. She had not only effected what we have just said, but wrought an equally desirable state of feeling in these young women. She had inspired them with boundless respect for her judgment, and complete confidence in her skill ; a procedure which at once changed them from obstinate and ignorant opponents into willing friends, on whose co-operation she could at all times rely.

The foundation of her schemes being thus well and firmly laid, she lost no further time in making a beginning. "Girls," said she, "I think it wouldn't be a bad plan if we went through the whole house to see—that is, if we lay our heads together properly——"

"Throth an' we will, then," they replied, interrupting her ; "we'll back you, never fear."

"If you do," she proceeded, "the four of us against the world. Well, I was saying that we couldn't do better than go over the whole house, an' thry what we could do to set it to rights ; for you know, girls, that time wears away houses as well as other things, and furniture, let it be ever so good, won't last always. Why we must get an odd gown an' petticoat now and then ourselves, because they *will* wear out ; and so it is with every thing as well as with house and furniture."

"Ay," said Madge, looking significantly at her sisters, "isn't *that* the talk ! Well, but you are the wonderful girl, Nancy."

"Hell resave the sich another woman alive," said the genius, who, probably from a superior vividness of imagination, and a corresponding vivacity of feeling, was the aptest to let an oath fly.

"Whisht, whisht, Peggy," said Nancy, smiling, "sure if you swear that way you'll never get a sweetheart."

"Well, but sure Paddy sometimes swears," replied Peggy.

"But it's wrong and sinful either for man or woman to swear at all," replied Nancy—"every body fears and nobody likes a swearin' woman."

"She knows very well it's wrong," observed Biddy.

"Deed, I do, then," said the ingenuous girl, "bekaise Father Buckley tould me it was a great sin, an' to give it over; but, bad scan to the one o' me, but always forgets till the oath's out."

"Well, then, Peggy," replied Nancy, "will you be a good girl, an' promise me to swear no more?"

"I will, then—devil resave the oath—oh, ha! ha! that's one way of keepin' it," she observed, "I won't swear any more, then, if I can help it—I mane, wid the help o' God!"

"Very well," proceeded Nancy, "now let us begin at the lower end of the house, at the far room, an' see what we can do to make it more comfortable."

They accordingly went, and on entering, Nancy found herself almost in a state of darkness, whilst, at the same time, the chill, heavy, fetid stench which assailed her, was almost intolerable.

"My God! girls," said she, "this room's in

a sad state. How on earth can any one sleep here? Oh, I cannot stand this ; I must lave it—I must get out ;” and out, sick and almost suffocated, she was obliged to go. “Why, girls,” said she, “there’s a smell in that room, that I’m surprised to find in any place where people sleep, or in a Christian house, at all.”

“We know there is,” said the genius, “but we wor gatherin’ it to scour the blankets, afore Paddy would bring *you* home.”

“There is nothing so good to scour blankets, or any thing else,” replied Nancy, “as pure soft water and soap ; some put a bit of a substance called *soda* into it ; but, the other is filthy an’ abominable, although, I am sorry to say, that filthy as it is, it’s too general a custom in the country. Now,” she continued, “the first thing we must do is to get a glazier, and have a new set of sash windies made instead of these—then we will be able to see our way, at all events ; but, in the meantime, girls we ought to have everything cleared out that gives a bad smell. When your bachelors will be comin’ to court you some o’ these days, as they will, plaise goodness, it would never do to have the house in *this* state.”

They all laughed at this, and the genius gave a peculiarly significant cackle ; “You’re the dickens of a funny crathur, Nancy, so you are.”

From this room they proceeded to another, and here, although, there was more light, yet everything was in a sad state—furniture broken—the roof and corners of the wall all covered with cobwebs, which were inhabited by myriads of spiders—under the beds, there lay a couple of dozen old

shoes, green, and ill-scented, and musty—the floors near the walls were perforated with rat holes, and in other parts of the room they were covered with large damp circles in which the foot would sink ; these were occasioned by “ down rain ” which came through the neglected roof during wet weather. The kitchen we have already described. She pointed their attention to its wrecked and ruinous appearance, and especially to the unclean state of the vessels.

“ Where there are so many cows,” she proceeded, “ surely, one buttermilk tub or one churn is not enough, an’ that I suppose,” said she, softening as well as she could the censure against their want of cleanliness, which was necessarily implied in her observations, “ that is the *raison why* the vessels have a sour an’ sickenin’ smell, as they have ; ay, an’ the *raison why* the butther turned out so badly, an’ the milk so dangerous to taste. Now, if you had two churns all along, so as that you could scald one of them with boiling water, and dry it out in the open air, you’d have very different milk and butther from what you have. If the milk vessels are well washed, kept sweet an’ clean, your milk and butther will be sweet and clean ; so now we mark Paddy down for a new set of milk vessels, churn an’ all ; don’t we girls ? ”

The principle of improvement had been implanted in them, and the doctrine she laid down was of itself so plain and obvious, that they could not withhold their assent.

“ And another thing,” she observed, “ we must not forget,—I mane a couple of good strainers,

an' that's a thing you haven't got either. Why, girls, the greatest dairy-woman that ever lived could never have clean milk or butter, unless she strained the milk, while it's warm from the cow, through a good strainer, with a good close serge or hair bottom, kept well washed and clean. So, then, we put in a couple of good new strainers; don't we girls?"

"But, Nancy, if you go on this way, you'll have hardly anything in the house that our poor mother had; an' if you'd know the mother she was!"

"God bless your affectionate heart, dear Biddy," said Nancy, touched by this beautiful trait of love towards the memory of a parent; "but, Biddy, you know that if your mother—may God make her bed in heaven!—if she was livin' herself she couldn't prevent the things from wearin' out; an' besides, there's many a thing was discovered since she died that she would be glad to put in practice, if she was livin' now. It's good, Biddy, to love her memory, but then we oughtn't to allow that to prevent us from addin' what we can to our own comforts, and to the comforts of them that's about us an' dependin' on us."

"Biddy, she's right now—take my word for it she's right," said Madge; "think o' the shawl!"

"Ay, is she," observed the genius, "divil parsh—hem, throth is she; bekaise, although I know that I couldn't spake the way she does, I feel somethin' tellin' me, that what she says is thrue. Arra, don't you see ourselves now? Sure, ever since I got that bonnet I comb my hair every mornin', an' clane it up nicely, an' you all

know that div——sorra comb I put in it wanst a week afore that. Oh! she's right."

After having gone through the whole lower part of the house, and pointed out to them all that was required, and why it was required, Nancy said: "There's a great deal to be done here—but it's useless to do anything in the house, till the roof gets a new coat of thatch, an' it happens very fortunately that there's plenty of straw lying about in the haggard to thatch it."

"Indeed, an' it's Paddy," said Peggy, "that *didn't intend* for to neglect that. It's many's the long day since he made up his mind to get it thatched, I'll say that for him."

Nancy smiled at the simple earnestness of this comical defence, and then went on:—"But, next, girls, about your own room," she added, looking up to the loft, "only it's now I'm puzzled in earnest. How, in the name of all that's impossible, do you contrive to get up to it?"

"Peggy, do *you* show her—you're the activist," said Biddy, laughing.

"Ay will I," replied Peggy, seizing the old ladder and putting it against the foot of the door, which was in the inside gable—"here's the way," said she, and with some indescribable species of action which might probably be understood by a master of calisthenic exercises, she gave two or three springs, accompanied by a twist or two, and the feat was accomplished, whilst, at the same time, Mrs. Go-easy was just as much in the dark as ever. She shook her head, exclaiming, "you've done it, I see; but, in the mean time, you've left me not a bit the wiser."

"Well now, watch," said she, from the door of the loft above, where she was planted on her knees; "come, Madge!" Madge gave a spring and a twist, Peggy caught her by the hand, and, ere one could count three she was up; and, 'twas the same kind of legerdemain with Biddy. In fact, the celerity with which they accomplished it, was equal to its simple difficulty, if that can be called difficulty, which was none to them. The descent, though abundantly ludicrous, being effected by a slide, was accomplished with far more facility.

"But how am *I* to get up?" asked Nancy—"you don't suppose that I could imitate you."

"No, she never could," said Madge, "let us draw over the table and put the lather on it, and between us we'll haul her up."

The table was brought over, but on removing it they discovered that one of its legs, though apparently supporting it, was literally broken off, and only stood under it against the wall as a prop. By much difficulty, however, she got up; but, sooth to say, she had not been long there when she repented her of her ambition. The reader is already acquainted with the extraordinary necessity that existed in every room of the house for cleanliness and ventilation. In addition to *all* the other smells, of which she had such painful experience before entering the loft, she was here overpowered in their worst and most unendurable forms, with such an insufferable stench from a range of accumulated wool fleeces, soaked in the foul grease of the animal that produced them, that had she not immediately got down, she would have certainly fainted.

"Heavens above! girls," she exclaimed, pale and sick as she was—"how is it possible for a human bein'—a human bein'—no, but for *any* bein' at all, to sleep in such a room as that? Why the worst room in the house is a king to it."

"Why," asked Peggy, laughing, "what did you feel? we smelt nothing."

"Throth an' I smelt many a thing," she replied; "but in the name of wondher, why do you keep them stinkin' fleeces in such a close room as that; I'm not surprised *now* at the smell I felt the first time I came into the kitchen, an' that I felt so often since, especially whenever the wind's on *that* gavel of the house. Lord, guard us! it's awful. Throth, girls, only for the strong constitutions you have, that dark, unwholesome hole would kill yez: an' it's well for you, that none of you ever happened to take a faver, for, as sure as you did, you'd never rise out of it."

They looked at each other as she spoke, and seemed very much struck by her last observation, a circumstance which she could not avoid noticing. Peggy and Madge then whispered together for a few minutes, and seemed as if they were discussing something of importance. "She is right," said Madge.

"Well, but my mother knew best," said Peggy.

"But don't you know Nancy says there was many a thing found out since. Any how, I'll tell her." These words they spoke aloud.

"What is it, Madge?" asked Nancy.

"Why," said Madge, "I think you're right about the faver; we lost three brothers of faver in that very room; my mother wouldn't allow

the windies to be opened, nor the wool to be taken away, bekase she said the air was dangerous, an' the smell o' the wool was wholesome."

" I think you'll allow, girls, that there's nobody in this world so wise as to know everything ; and if you allow that, then you know that there's many a thing in the world that your mother, much as she did know, knew nothing about. Well, but do you promise to join me in turnin' that black, dark, den of yours into a nice, sweet, comfortable room ? Sure, that's what makes you all so pale as you are ; wait till you see the complexions I'll give you—wait till you see the roses I'll bring to your cheeks—sorrow such three girls will go to Aughendrummon chapel or to Knockdrumna fair. But then sure, afther all, its workin' against myself I am—for, as sure as I'm here, if you only let me give yez fair play—with good clothes, good air, neatness, and—— I need say no more ; it's in your own houses you'll be soon, and I'll be left alone here. Throth it's in jail you wor : three sich fine girls !—och !——"

There is, altogether apart from literary instruction, especially where females are concerned, a power of training the taste and general intellect, in such a way as occasionally looks like a complete change of one being into another of immeasurably higher faculties and attainments, although she retains the same personal identity. We ourselves have seen this in life often, and we know it to be true. Our tale, if such it can be called, would become too tedious and minute were we to dwell in detail upon all the proceedings of this admirable woman. We shall, therefore, sum up

so far as regards *the house*, and state the improvements she brought about in the course of the first six weeks.

In the first place, we beg to say that Paddy was moved even unto thatching it. Then commenced the internal improvements. The old blind windows were all taken out, and new ones, upon the principle of affording light and ventilation, or, in other words, health and cleanliness, were provided. Where the windows themselves were too small for the rooms, they were either enlarged, or additional ones were added. The moment light was admitted, the neglected state of the interior struck them all more forcibly; so that one step in improvement necessarily occasioned another, which is always the case. On went the good work, gradually and steadily, from room to room. Humid mortar that had been hanging out in large blisters from the walls was swept off—all those filthy *reservoirs* that had been standing for years, making collections for blankets that were never scoured, went the way that every abomination of the kind ought to go. Sash-windows, that raised and fell by pullies, or the smaller windows that opened and shut on hinges, were the only description that Nancy would admit. The mason was called in; the carpenter was called in. New churns—new milk vessels—new chairs—in fact the regenerative system went on progressing. A new earthen floor was made in the kitchen, a new cupple put on the roof, in lieu of the broken one, before it was thatched—and a new *half leaf* put to the door to pre-

vent the pigs from coming in when they wished. But nothing delighted our three female friends so much as the *wonderful* change which was made in their own sleeping apartment up stairs. The window originally designed to admit the light in the outward eastern gable to the left, had been quite inadequate for the purpose, so that, even from the beginning, it was dark at best. Ultimately, as the panes happened to be broken, they were closed up with boards, so that not only light but air was excluded. Now the greasy and stifling wool was removed, and placed in one of the end rooms below stairs which was nearly vacant, and was now used as a store-room. The window was enlarged into a sash-window, a flood of light came in ~~upon~~ them, the walls were whitewashed—~~room~~, and ease, and comfort, brought ~~to~~ them a sense of freedom—a fine view ~~of~~ the country was presented to them, ~~and~~, above all things, the sweet breathing of ~~pure~~ and fresh air did, as Nancy said it ~~would~~, “bring the roses into their cheeks in such bloom, that they could scarcely believe their own eyes.”

In two months time after her “hawling home,” enter Paddy’s house, and you will be struck with the neatness, decency, taste, and extreme cleanliness of everything you see. A light sunshiny cheerful spirit breathes around you, and a fragrant odour gratifies your sense of smelling—and no wonder—for everything is kept clean, pure and free from the slightest accumulation of dirt or uncleanness of any description.

In cases of the kind we are describing, or,

indeed, in any case susceptible of such an illustration, there is no argument at all equal to a good stout staring fact, especially when you have to deal with a person who has a weak mind, and strong prejudices—for both generally go together. Here, however, when reason came to operate upon them, the minds were not found to be weak, nor the prejudices strong—the evil here had been utter neglect and an ignorance which, circumstanced as the individuals were, they could not overcome. They had no natural disrelish for knowledge, they only acted upon wrong principles—principles arising from ignorance and error, and which would have kept them in such a degraded state as we have already represented to the reader.

Nancy having thus begun at the beginning, and shown them, in a manner not to be contradicted, the truth, the satisfaction, and the comfort of her principles, she now resolved, armed as she was with stronger arguments, to assail Paddy himself, and raise him into a perception of what was right, and an energy becoming his station in life. He had now for above a fortnight—that is ever since she had made such a singularly delightful change in the house—looked upon her as a miracle; and, indeed, when we contemplate the inactive and negligent principle of which he was the representative, and consider the superiority she manifested over him, we need not be surprised at the wonder with which he looked at his own house, and the reverence he entertained

for her who had in so short a period produced such a change in it.

"Paddy," said she, one morning after breakfast, "I want to know if you'll answer me the truth, to a question I am going to ask you"—
"no," said she, correcting herself—"it's not that either—bekase I know you wouldn't answer me a falsehood."

"Ay will I."

"Ay will you! what do you mane?"

"Didn't you ax me," said he, "if I'd answer you the truth? and I say, ay will I!"

"Well, then, it's this—did you think it possible that such a change could be made in the house in so short a time?"

"No, I didn't—but I know that nobody could do it but yourself—only the poor girls is what surprises me—how on earth did you get them to join you?"

"The girls have right good sense, Paddy, but the poor things never had an opportunity of showing it. Look at them now—look at their appearance at chapel—don't you see how the people's beginnin' to admire them. Ay, indeed, Paddy, an' plaise God, I'll soon marry them off to good and respectable husbands too."

"Throth I wouldn't like that," replied Paddy.

"You wouldn't like it! what! is it to see your sisters well married, and livin' independently and comfortably in their own houses?"

"No—in throth, bekase, I wouldn't like to part wid them—poor girls—what ud we do widout them?"

"I forgive you, Paddy, for the sake of that affection; for it was *that* made *me* your wife—I knew it was in your heart, and, thank God, I'm not disappointed." Her eye became moist as she spoke.

"Well, no matther, she proceeded; what I wanted to speak to you about is this—there's that beautiful new floor we got in the kitchen is almost destroyed wid the dirt of the sink and gutter that one must walk through comin' into the house—they bring so much of it in upon their feet that the floor is always damp and dirty, and will soon begin to wear away in holes like the old one."

"Throth," replied Paddy, "between you and me, Nancy darlin', the ould one was a bad business, I was never drunk in my life but wanst—an' the only mark ever I got is on my eye-brow here, where I fell against that dam ould post that supported the broken cupple—I was walkin' as well as I could, down to my bed, and forgettin' the hole, I thought the ground was all level afore me—an'—whish!—down I comes, an' was cut to the bone, against the post—Thank God *avourneen*, that you've taken cupple and post and all away, and left us a safe floor, any how."

"Ay, but now that I think of it, the sorra' use there is in removin' either sink or gutter from before the door, till you first get a sty built for them pigs. Nothing can be kept clane or comfortable, or daicent in or about the house so long as they're allowed to run about rooting up and destroying everything as they do."

"But, Nancy, do you think I'm a better or a wiser man than my father?"

"With every respect for his name—and well I remember him—I do think you are both the one and the other."

"What? than my father!"

"Ay, just than your father; why not Paddy? Do you think it impossible that a man could have a son both better and wiser than himself? Wasn't Solomon the son of David, an' yet Solomon was the wisest man that ever was; an' you know at that rate he must a' been wiser than his father; an' if he was wiser, of coorse he was better."

"But could it be possible that *I'm* a wiser man than my father?" asked Paddy, whom she was now gradually leading to see the matter in a new light.

"I tell you, you are, Paddy; and if ever a man had a right to be proud of sich a thing, you have."

"Well, but how will you prove it, Nancy?"

"I'll tell you how I'll prove it; your father never would change anything for the better; now it's my opinion that if he was in your place when we wor improvin' the house, he would be houldin' out against *any* improvement."

"I'll take my swear o' that."

"Well, then, instead of havin' comfort, and cleanliness, and light, and good air about us, we would be still in discomfort and dirt, darkness and foul air."

Paddy pressed his lips together, then rubbed

his chin, and seemed fairly staggered by this direct appeal to facts.

"Well, but——" and here he stopped.

"What wor you goin' to say, Paddy?"

"What?"

"What is it you wor goin' to say?"

"I dunna but you may be right—still——"

"Sure if I'm right then, that's enough; but I'll prove to you that we ought to endeavour to advance ourselves in the world by all honest an' industrious manes. Doesn't our religion tell us that we ought to improve ourselves, and get better and better every day?"

"Ay does it."

"Very good; but suppose we took your view of it, an' that we stood still and didn't strive to mend our lives for fraid we'd be wiser or better than our fathers, don't you see that you'd be goin' against religion?"

"I believe you are right: but still I think——" here he paused again.

"What do you think, Paddy?"

"Eh?"

"What do you think?"

"Why thin, upon my song, I dunna what to think; but you don't know the man my father an' mother was."

"I do," she replied; "as honest and as harmless a couple as ever broke the world's bread; still I hav'nt done with you yet. Now Paddy, have you your catechiz?"

"I have the most of it."

"Can you repate the seven deadly sins?"

“Ay can I: Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Gluttonny, Envy, Anger, an’ Sloth.”

“And sloth—mark that, Paddy. Now if a man happened to have a good farm of land—of prime land, I say—at five or six shillings an acre; an’ suppose that man went sailing about, neglecting everything, an’ payin’ attention to nothing—suppose he let his fine farm run wild—suppose he neglected to work it as he ought to do—suppose he neglected his farmin’ implements and let them go to wreck—suppose he neglected his house outside an’ in—that it was without thatch, and couldn’t keep out the rain; that it was dirty an’ dark inside; that nothing was as it ought to be; an’ that that man with the fine farm at a mere song, was by that neglect and carelessness worse off ten times than them that paid ten times his rent, now wouldn’t you yourself, I say, allow that sich a person is guilty of *one* of the deadly sins at any rate? Wouldn’t you yourself allow now, Paddy, that that man, without thinkin’ of it, is guilty of the sin of sloth every day he rises? an’ if he is, an’ if he should come to know this, an’ that he still neglected that farm, and continued in his sloth; wouldn’t that man be flying in the face of God, that gave him health and strength that he won’t use? isn’t he committin’ a sin, an’ a wilful sin, every day of his life, I say?”

This was bringing the matter home to his own conscience, in a manner that was perfectly new to him, and perhaps on that account with tenfold effect.

“All I can say, Nancy, is, that to my know-

ledge I wouldn't wish to commit a sin against God or man ; and may God forgive me if I have been committin' sin the way you say !"

"All that's for it, then," she replied, "is to avoid that kind of life for the time to come. God gives nobody their light that it may be put under a bushel. When people are born, Paddy, an' grow up, they have a great deal that's good, and a great deal that's bad in them ; very well, you know what their duty is, do you ?"

"Faith, you won't catch me, Nancy ; I'll hould my whisht till I hear you out."

"Their duty then," she proceeded, "is to take away the bad, and to endeavour to bring the good forrid, until you have as much good, an' as little bad as possible. A man, then, is like a farm, Paddy, there are some better an' some worse."

"Like a farm, Nancy, faith you puzzle me there ; let me see—like a farm—oh, it's beyant me clane ; well, let us hear how you make that out ?"

"Why, I have made it out, man alive ; or if I haven't, I soon will : when a man's born, and grows up, I said he had a great deal that's good, and a great deal that's bad in him. Now isn't that the case with a farm ?"

"Ay is it : I agree to that."

"Well an' good ; it's the man's business to mend all that's bad, or take it away altogether— isn't it ?"

"Ay is it—go an."

"Well, and isn't that the very way he is to trate his farm ; to improve it by every means in his

power ; increase all that's good in it, and mend all that's bad, or remove it altogether."

"Begad I see it now. Why, Nancy, divil a thing you are but a counsellor."

"Counsellor or not I'm nearly done. Well now, Paddy, I ask you this : do you think that where there's a slothful man there will be a well-wrought nate farm ? Or, where there's an active industrious man, that there will be a slothful-looking and neglected farm ?"

"I see," replied Paddy—"be my song I'm gettin' it ; you're layin' an me."

"I have only another question to ask you : if there's a slothful, careless man, won't there be a slothful, and careless-looking farm ?"

"Oh, you have it."

"Very well ; now let us go and have a look at the yard, and after that we can take a stroll through the farm."

They accordingly proceeded, first to the farm-yard, where she pointed out every thing to him that was amiss, which in fact rendered it necessary for her to point out almost *every* thing.

"You won't blame me, Paddy," she observed, "for drawin' your attention to these things ; you know yourself that nobody can correct their errors if they don't know what they are. You thought, I suppose, that bekase you were followin' in the steps of your father (God be good to him !) that all was right ; but sure you have only to look about you in the country, and see how daicent and respectable some people are gettin' on, bekase they feel it their duty, both to themselves and

their families, to rise themselves by honest industry, and to use all the improvements that has come out since the death of their fathers. Now, see here: there's a pile of stones lyin' in that corner, an' what have you to do only to get up Frank Thomas, and make him build a strong sty for your pigs exactly in that corner where they're lyin'; they always fatten best in sties, and they're also aisier fed; an' bein' kep' claner, they're healthier, and make better bacon; then they won't be runnin' about, rootin' up the green fields, an' breakin' into the crops, destroyin' every thing that comes in their way. No, nor they won't be drivin' into the kitchen at meal times, likely to snap the food from before us, and fillin' the place with dirt and filth that's enough to turn one's stomach. Won't you do this, or commission me to get it done?"

"Ay," said Paddy, catching at the indolent side of the question, "that'll be far betther; take it in hands yourself."

"Paddy," said she, perceiving at once her error, and his wish not to be troubled with it, "I was wrong—that's not *my* business; for my business is *in* the house: but this is yours, and you must promise me to get it done this week, and to go for Frank Thomas this very evenin'."

"I'll get it done," he replied, "but sure there's no use, for all that, in bein' in a hurry; don't they say that a thing done in a hurry is never done well."

"They do, an' they're right. Well, bring Frank up, and when he comes, you can make him do all that's to be done about the place. There's

the walls of the haggard, and of the yard about us here broken down in several places—part of the wall of the car-house is down—all these coping stones ought to be put up, instead of having them lying scattered about—some mendin' these gaps there, and some broken. And another thing, I'd recommend you to run shores down to that drain, and then pave the yard, if you wish to have it so that one can walk on it clanely."

"Small blame to you, Nancy, to be up to these things—you have it from your father."

"Who built these stacks, Paddy?" she inquired, when they had entered the haggard.

"Some o' them I built myself, and Jemmy Random, of Kils cud, the rest."

"Throth an' they don't appear to agree too well," she said, laughin'—"one would think they wor divided into factions, and that one half of them was puttin' it to a trial of strength against the other. But, in the name o' goodness, Paddy, what could make you think of building that hay-stack on such a low damp spot as this?"

"It was in that very spot," he replied, "that my father built it for many a long year."

"Ay; but that's not the question. The question is, whether that fine stack of wheat, standin' on that low moist ground before us, will lose or gain by bein' there. When a man builds a stack of wheat or oats, doesn't he do so to keep it safe from damp an' varmin?"

"Hell purshue the varmin at any rate, for they're always distroyin' me."

"I suppose they are, an' it would be very odd if they wor not. But isn't that easily remedied?"

Build your stacks about eighteen inches from the ground upon stakes, and on the top of every stake put a flat stone ; this, which is easily done, will keep them free from undher damp and varmin. Then let them be well thatched and roped, and properly secured from wet at the top. If you did this, you would soon begin to find the benefit of it."

"It's a counsellor you ought to be, I say agin."

"Throth an' I haven't done with your haggard yet. What on earth do you suffer them to do this for? Indeed, Paddy, that's shameful! To go to draw the shaves out o' the side o' the stack instead of putting it into the barn at wanst!"

"Ay, but we couldn't put it into the barn."

"Why not?"

"Bekaise the stack was near fallin' to the other side, so that at any rate we had no other way of bringin' it to a proper balance; an' even if that wasn't the case, the same barn, bad luck to it, is never in a safe state—there's scarce a square yard of the roof of it wather-proof, an' if we put the oats into it, they'd be ruined; so that they're betther as they are."

"Come, an' let us look at it."

Sorely and strongly against the grain did Paddy drag himself like a criminal in the direction of the barn, accompanied by Nancy, who was able to read the full extent of his guilt upon his countenance. On reaching it they found it open—the door, as we have already said, lying awkwardly aslant, and supported only by one hinge. No sooner had they entered than a

racket of poultry and pigs commenced, the latter rushing out as if conscious of their crime, after having received each a kick and a curse from Paddy, and the former rising into such a din of cackle and scream as quite confounded Nancy. The fact was, that on going to the upper end of the barn, they found that the pair of pigs and poultry in question had been regaling themselves at a corn-heap, which seemed from the way in which it had been trampled on and scraped about, as if it had been left there for them on purpose. The fowl especially seemed perfectly indignant at the interruption, as was evident from the angry and offended conduct of the cock, who kept cackling forth, and crowing his indignation on the house dunghill, as became a gentleman who had been so rudely interrupted.

"In God's name, Paddy," said she, "what's the *raison* of this?"

"Any how," he replied, "it's no great matter, and no great loss either—it's a heap of corn that got damage from the wet through the roof, and it's scarcely fit now for any thing else."

This was the most painful position in which Paddy had found himself since his marriage. Here he was detected, as it were, in the very act of guilt. Nancy, however, knew that nothing but probing his feelings to the bottom, and compelling him to *feel* their consequences, could have any beneficial effect upon him. She knew that he had been, during his whole life, one of those indifferent persons who, as the proverb has it, lets a good piece of admonition "go into one ear and out at the other." Nothing, therefore, was

for it but to *make an impression*—to instil a principle that would work itself into action—for, short of this, she found that nothing in the shape of pointing out errors or omissions would be successful.

“Paddy,” said she, “I’m not goin’ to pass any remark upon what I see before me now; you’re not a fool, and it’s useless to say that you don’t know the—what can I call it—of seein’ things neglected in this manner; no, I’ll say not one word more about the oats or the barn—but, there’s one thing I know, and that is, that although *you* have a hundred an’ thirty acres of the best land in the barony, upon what I understand very well, an old take, at three and four-pence an acre, still you’re two years an’ a half *back* with the landlord. Now, there’s Denny Delap who has much about the same number of acres, at thirty shillings an acre, an’ see how *he* can live—look at the elegant house he has—look at the jaunting car he keeps—an’ yet, his land is not, as everybody knows, near so good as yours.”

“Hem!” said Paddy, quite indignant at the comparison, “the devil sweep himself and his iron ploughs—an’ his treshin’ machines!—the Lord forgive him, the poor blackguard!—a fellow that flies in the face o’ God Almighty that sent the wind from heaven to enable us, by his own will, to clane our whate an’ oats, an’ takes to the handywork of sinners like himself. Oh! it was thrue for my poor father, God be merciful to him! when he said that ‘luck nor grace would never attend the practice of sich things.’”

“Well, but, Paddy,” she replied, “look at him

that has used them, and now look at yourself that has not; that's all I say."

"No matther for that," replied Paddy, "hell purshue the iron plough, or any blackguard new-fangled stuff o' the kind, ever I'll let come on my farm—an' so that ends it; be d——d if I do—God pardon me for gettin' into a passion!"

She saw he was chafed, and she rejoiced that what she had said touched him, so as to occasion any sense of feeling on the subject. On looking at him more closely, however, she perceived that he was not at all so thoroughly absorbed either in the consciousness of his own negligent habits, or the truth of her observations, as in a matter, which, to him at the moment, was of incomparably more importance, the want of a smoke. Just then it happened that the servant girl passed through the yard up to the unction in gutter to feed the pigs, all of whom were at her heels uttering that hungry whine, which is peculiar to these animals when they see their food. As it was, she proceeded across the yard, and threw down a basket-full of potatoes and potato-skins into a corner, set apart for that purpose, where the filthy mud was half a foot deep. In two minutes no eye could ascertain which was food, and which was mud, and the animals were left there to draw the distinction the best way they could.

"Katty," said Nancy, who saw at a glance the cause of his uneasiness, "get this pipe lit, and bring it out here to your masther."

"To my *masther*!" she replied, in something like amazement, "I'll bring it out to *Paddy*—

ha! masther, indeed; faith, it's well come up wid us, if *that's* the word."

These sentiments she uttered more in a species of soliloquy, than in a tone that was designed for Nancy's ear.

No sooner had Paddy got the lit pipe than his features assumed a benevolent and tractable expression. He appeared pleased and satisfied that his wife knew so much, and was so clever a woman, and he thought, after a few whiffs, that the best thing he could do was to be guided by her, and strive to improve his farm.

Having taken the farm-yard as her survey for that morning, she resolved to go through with it, in such a way, as would render a second one unnecessary. Accordingly, they proceeded from the barn to the stable and cow-house, and here, indeed, she found enough to reprehend. In the cow-house, the accumulation of manure was without any excuse. The cows, in fact, were literally lying in their own dung; nothing could surpass or excuse the filthy state in which they were kept.

"I can't blame *you* for everything, Paddy," said she, "for surely Jemmy Traynor or Torley Mullen deserve great blame, for allowing the cow-house to be in sich a shameful state as this—an' look at the ground undher them. Why, it's in such a state of ups an' downs, that I vow to goodness, I think it would be as well or betther for the poor animals to sleep in the fields. See, how the moisture—that filthy moisture—runs back undher them to their very heads. Throth;

no wondher that the poor beasts look as they do ; an' no wondher either that they give so little milk. Paddy, *achora*, won't you have the place regularly cleaned out for the cratures, an' the ground under them made smooth, an' plenty of good beddin' given to them, so as that they may at last sleep aisy ?"

"Throth, will I, Nancy ; an' I declare to my Saver, you're makin' me ashamed of myself, an' of the life I led, so you are ; God's blessin' be upon you, any how, but it was the lucky day I thought of you for a wife !"

These sentiments unquestionably were the result of strong affection ; but, nevertheless, we are bound to say, that at that moment they owed a considerable portion of their fervour to the inspiration of the pipe.

"Indeed, Paddy," she proceeded, "the appearance of the cattle is disgraceful to the sarvints, at any rate."

"It is that, the thieves."

"Sure there's not one that looks at them but must know that the poulthry roost on their backs every night. Now, wouldn't it be an aisy thing to get up a snug roostin' place for the fowl in the car-house there, where they'd be comfortable enough—I mane as soon as you get it roofed—for, in throth, it's in a sad state too. Then you know yourself that you ought to have doors to these houses. Sure that thing of rungs, with an odd hay rope running up an' down it here and there, is of no use—settin' aside the disgrace of the thing."

"Well, Nancy, we'll mend it all, plaise goodness; but you know we can't do it at wanst, sure."

"I know that, Paddy, an' I don't want you to do it at wanst—I only wish you *to lose no time in doin' it.*"

She also visited the stable, and in fact left nothing wrong, as far as she could observe it, which she did not point out to his observation, so that he might become sensible of what he ought to do—for, as she said, "how can a person mend their errors, if they do not know them?"—and, besides, she felt convinced that unless her husband were driven, and kept perpetually awake to his own failings in this respect and their consequences, he might listen and assent, and—do nothing. Her object, therefore, was to render his mind active, and then she knew the activity of the body, as developed in habits of industry and useful employment, would necessarily follow.

Having completed her tour of the farm-yard, they entered the garden, not through a gate, as ought to be the case, but through a stone-gap; and here again occurred another meeting between them and the pigs they had already chased out of the barn. This garden, indeed, was a melancholy proof of Paddy's notion of taste or neatness. When Nancy saw it, she raised her hands and eyes; but seeing that Paddy, in spite of the narcotic indifference, arising from his indolent temperament and the influence of the pipe both united, was actually confused at this appearance of the garden, she looked at him, and

smiling with great sweetness and good nature, said—

“ Paddy dear, it’s all for your own good. You know that any remark *I* may make is made by her that preferred takin’ her lot with you before all the world—ay, an’ would do so agin, if the garden was ten times wilder or more neglected lookin’ than it is.”

Paddy stood a moment, and looking on her, the muscles of his face moved. He winked both his eyes hardly together, and when he opened them, they were moist. He then drew his breath rapidly and deeply two or three times, and said—“ Nancy, say what you wish, *avillish*—say what you wish—I know—” he stood still, however, and said—“ I can’t go on”—and, after a strong struggle, he sobbed out, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

Nancy did not expect this, and she really felt extremely surprised at it.

“ Paddy dear,” said she, “ what ails you ? Did I say any thing to give you offence ? ”

“ You, *avillish machree* ? Oh, never a word o’ that kind came from your lips ; but it is what was in your eyes there, when you smiled upon me, joined wid them words you said, that makes me feel the way I do.”

This was true. The gleam of affection which kindled in her eye as she addressed him, had shot into his heart, and taught her at once that she had awakened out of its torpid slumber a power that would go further in shaping him to her purposes than all the force of mere didactic

wisdom, no matter how clearly or how earnestly urged. Nancy had the further consolation now to know, that she was accomplishing a double good, and that whilst she instructed his head she was also improving his heart.

"Now go on, darlin'," said he, "go on—don't let any thing prevint you from sayin' what you wish to say. You're makin' me wiser every minute—I feel that—an' I'm wishin' to hear you."

"Well then, *achora*," she replied, "look at that sight; see what a number of beautiful cabbages is lyin' there, melted away an' rotten; and any that's good among them has gone to the pigs, that has the whole garden rooted up an' destroyed. If you had taken them brave cabbages, Paddy, when they were ripe, tied every two of them together by the roots, an' thrown them over a pole or rope of any kind, in a dry place, they'd keep fresh long enough; or if you had buried them in a pit even—although they're apt to heat in a pit, an' don't keep so well as the other way—I mean, hanging them with their roots up and their heads down. An' the beans there—see how the stalks is beginin' to get black and rotten, with here and there a fresh green one startin' up an' amost flowerin'—a thing that you'll never see only in a garden that has been neglected. Sure, if you had taken and cut your beans into sheaves, an' put them up into the fork of that fine ash tree there, neatly covered over with straw, so as to keep them dry, you'd have them ready to plant any time you wished; or if you stacked them in your haggard, and kept them dry with a good coat of thatch, all would be right. An' them

carrot beds—see how these thievin' pigs, that ought to be in their sty, as I said, has them rooted and tossed up. Then, Paddy, may I never sin, but there's as much nettles, an' preshagh, and chickenweed here as would make a good large stack, if it was put into one ; an' a beautiful garden this could be made, *ahagur*—look how rich the earth is, an' look at the size of these rotten cabbages."

" Well, Nancy," he replied, " never you heed ; the same gardin 'ill be a diff'rent gardin afore long, plaise goodness ; so will every thing else here, if you an' me's spared."

They then left the garden, the view of which closed their survey of the premises immediately attached to the house. Nancy, however, being in no immediate hurry in, proposed that they should walk round a pretty green field through which the bridle-road that led up to the door went. This field presented the same appearance of that utter neglect, which had set its ruinous impress upon every other object about them. Its beautiful green surface was rooted up, and its rich mould tossed about by the swine, that were permitted to go abroad at large wherever they liked. There were not, in fact, three square yards of it unbroken, and nothing could give one a stronger or more displeasing proof that every thing belonging to its proprietor was left, as the saying is, at sixes and sevens, than the vile condition to which these destructive animals were permitted to reduce it.

Nancy, who saw that her husband was sensible of its unfavourable aspect, made no obser-

vation upon it; but, as they went along, she directed the conversation to another subject.

"Paddy," said she, "is there not a great change for the bettther in the girls?"

"Begad," he replied, "I never seen the like of it. Every Sunday mornin' they used to wash and clane themselves before, an' now you have them at it every mornin' in the week."

"I intend to work a greater change still, please God. Throth, Paddy, I find them as smart an' uptaking girls as ever I met. Peggy especially is wondherful; give her a hint, half a word, an' she has you; an' indeed they're all so. Oh, what a pity that they didn't get some education!"

"It is that, Nancy; however, my mother, God be good to her, wasn't for it, an' my father, dhough he always *intinded*—somehow"—he paused.

"I see," she replied; "he resembled somebody else that I know. Well, Paddy, never mind; it's not too late yet, I hope. Do you know what?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm goin' to become their school-misthress myself."

"You are!"

"I am, my own self now, and you'll see how they'll swally it, as the schoolmasters say. Sure it'll help to fill up their time, at any rate."

"Well, may God enable you, and grant you success!—that's the worst I wish you; only this, Nancy, that you're a wondherful woman."

"Not a bit wondherful about me, Paddy;

there isn't a woman in the counthry that got any thing like my schoolin' but might do as much as I do. What have they to do but to be clane, tidy, active, industrious—to take proper care of their house and place ; to see that themselves, in the first place, and their husbands and their children, are kept clane and comfortable in food and clothes. No, nothing's to prevent them, but ignorance or the want of will to do it, and that's a shame to any woman ; for the truth is, Paddy, that where there's a will, there will always be found a way."

" But, Nancy, why do you go to sich throuble wid them, and them big women now? "

" In the first place, Paddy, you're quite mistaken ; it's not a throuble but a pleasure to me ; for it'll help to fill up *my* time as well as theirs ; but I have other raisons still—I wish to make these girls what they ought to be ; I wish to instruct them as far as I can in the duties that they may be called on to know some o' these days ; an' above all things I wish them to be able to hould a daicent place in the world, an' you may take my word for it that, as soon as it's known that they're properly prepared for that, they won't be long on your floor or mine."

" I tould you afore," said Paddy, " that I'd as soon not part wid them."

" I know you did, an', so far as I am consarned, an' so far as my heart's full consint goes, they'll never want a roof to cover them, nor a friend to spake a kind word to them, nor any thing else that we both can afford ; but, agin, do you think these girls won't feel naturally anxious

to get husbands and houses of their own, that they may not feel themselves a burden upon another person's floor—what, God knows, they are not, an' never will be *here*."

Paddy had nothing to say against this ; but he felt that every word she uttered, filled equally with good sense and true affection, went to his heart so strongly, that he began to ask himself whether, previous to their marriage, he had ever loved her at all or not—a very natural question for a man of his temperament, all of whose better qualities were now being turned into new life and unfelt energy, by the singular powers of his admirable wife. They had now gone as far as the well which supplied the family with water. It was a beautiful spring, but as it was approached by a considerable slope in the ground, it consequently became so slippery in wet weather, and in winter generally, that it was extremely difficult for any one to keep their feet going to or coming from it. This circumstance was not only unpleasant in itself, but also occasioned considerable damage to both wooden vessels and crockery, many of which were broken by the falls which those who bore them got on the slope we have just mentioned. Having pointed out this, and suggested the necessity of having about a dozen or two stone steps fixed in the place of danger, they returned to the house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIUMPH OF COMMON SENSE AND INDUSTRY.

OUR readers are too well acquainted with Paddy's natural character to suppose that either Nancy's influence and energy, or any thing else short of an absolute miracle, was capable of starting him at once into the brisk pace and active thought of industry. She knew the materials on which she must work too well to propose, much less expect, such an immediate and rapid change. Her object was to go on with as little loss of time as might be, certainly, but still in such a manner as would give her instructions and suggestions time to sink deeply into his mind, and thus make a permanent impression. Still she deemed it best to let him see and feel as early as possible the full range of his errors, and to understand clearly, and with a proper conviction, the extent to which they had impressed themselves upon his house and farm, and indeed upon every thing over which he had any control, not forgetting his own personal habits. Accordingly, in a few days after their visit to the farm-yard, she sent down for her brother James, with whom she went over the whole farm, and from whom she derived proper information upon

those agricultural matters in which she felt herself deficient. This she did ~~two~~ or three times, that she might not destroy the *prestige* which her knowledge of household affairs had already created in her favour. Still she hesitated to undertake this, as being one not precisely suited to the character of a woman. Whilst she "laid down the law" *in* her house and *about* it, even taking in the farm-yard, she could scarcely consider herself as travelling very far out of her sphere ; but in this matter, after a good deal of consideration, she thought it more becoming that her brother James should accompany them, and throw out, as it were incidentally, such views of simple husbandry as might open her husband's eyes to his own antiquated absurdities on so important a subject. After a few days, therefore, during which she held various conversations with Paddy, who, by the way, was not so much surprised at the extent of her knowledge on farming, in consequence of the character borne by her father and brother, who were first-rate agriculturists ; she proposed that he should ask James to accompany them, in order that they might hear what improvements could be made, and what was the best system of tillage for the land, according to the variety of its soil. Paddy was at this time—thanks to his wife—sufficiently conscious of his own ignorance and inferiority to her in this, and almost in every other affair of importance.

Nancy was conscious of this herself ; but, at the same time, she had too much good sense not to perceive that it could not be very agreeable to any man, however humbly he might estimate his

own acquirements, to be in the habit of receiving constant lectures from his wife. James came in then, as a relief, probably, both to her and him ; but he came in at her husband's earnest wish—for the truth was, that the principles which she wished to excite were beginning to work within him.

As the following brief survey of his farm is not written for the purpose of giving that to which we are unequal—a lecture upon the best mode of agriculture—but merely as a work intended to suggest principles of activity and industry, and to impress the minds of such of our humble countrymen as may read it, with the consciousness of the duty which devolves upon them, to avail themselves of every useful source of information upon such matters as are calculated to promote their comfort and independence ; we therefore do not deem it necessary, in going over the farm in question, to do more than point out its waste and neglected condition, conscious that where the error is shown, the remedy will not be difficult to find—the principal step, and the simplest at the same time, being to amend it.

It was a keen, wholesome morning, in the month of March—time about ten, A. M.—when Paddy, his wife, and James M'Bride went out to stroll over the redoubtable farm of Lazy Corner. The first circumstance that struck James and his sister—a circumstance, indeed, which had often struck both of them before—was the extraordinary neglect of the outer fences by which the land was separated from the neighbouring holdings.

"Paddy," said James, "the first task before you with regard to the whole farm, is to see that it is properly enclosed, and secured from the neighbouring cattle."

"Throth an' it's not," replied honest Paddy; "divil a man in the barony suffers so much from the roguery of his neighbours as I do."

"Don't call it roguery," observed Nancy, smiling; "may be it's your own carelessness, Paddy; an' more the fault of the cattle that come in when they see a strong temptation, an' nothing to keep them out from it."

"Begad, an' I don't doubt afther all, but you're right, Nancy," he replied; "wherever the same cattle find a sweet morsel they'll be at it."

"The first step then that I'd advise you to, is, to mend the *merins* or boundaries—then, when you can keep all out, you're so far safe. There now is a piece of ditch, fifteen or sixteen perches long—couldn't you get thorn plants, about four or five year old, and put them in—then make up the ditch so as that cattle can't cross it, and in a short time you'll have a safe hedge. However, I think I see extraordinary ups and downs in the boundary, Paddy; an' now let me ask you a question—do your neighbours ever complain of *your* cattle?"

"Ay do they; I vow to my sowl, I've got more abuse about the thieves than half the farm's worth. Rogue an' robber, thief and lazy villain's the best word in their cheek to me. An' not only that, but I've had to pay as many fines for them as would break any man."

"I thought as much," said James laughing. "Mend your boundaries, Paddy—mend your boundaries ; for, you may take my word for it, that until you do, neither you nor your neighbours will have a day's peace, nor will your crops ever be safe."

"If you never spoke a word o' truth afore, throth you've hit upon it now, at any rate. It's in hot wather we are wid one another every day in the year, from May till November."

What's that I see over in that field there? Why then, eh? Can it it be?—a plough! Ah," said he, shaking his head, "I needn't ask you how long that's there."

"Why," said Paddy, a good deal cast down, "I intinded to plant them two acres wid 'farmers,' but begad, somehow or other, I found it was too late in the saison ; howandever, I know it was an oversight to leave the plough there ever since ; but sure they say the weather hardens them."

"It ruins and destroys them, Paddy, as your own experience might tell you."

"Ay," observed Nancy, "but *his* experience, James, could *not* tell him any such thing ; it's only when he begins to keep his farmin' implements well sheltered that he'll come to know how much the weather destroys them."

"That's very true, Nancy. But what's the raison, Paddy, that I don't see a gate—and, indeed, never did—upon your whole farm?"

The day was, and that not so very long before, that Paddy would have pleaded the practice of his ancestors ; he had, however, been so thoroughly

threshed out of that absurdity, that, although it rose to the tip of his tongue, he durst not allude to it on this occasion. As it was, James put him through his facings, as they say; and, by due degrees, brought out of him an acknowledgment of "the wheel-car," "slide-car," "thorn bush," "stone gap," &c. &c., all of which were admitted by him to have been the only gates ever used by the Go-easy family and their predecessors, time out of mind.

"Now," said James, "I assure you, Paddy, that this neglect of having proper gates to your fields, is not only a slovenly looking thing in itself, but a waste both of time and labour. Why a few shillings will put up a gate that will last with care for years; but instead of that, here you are obliged to make it up and pull it down every year; and even then, with your wheel or slide-car, it is never secure or answers the purpose of a gate, and you ruin your valuable cars by exposin' them to the changes of the weather. There is another thing that I observe in your farm. Your fields are all too small, considering its size. Observe, now, the quantity of good ground you lose by this, and by the nonsensical kind of ditches that have been made—here is on this side a round lumpy ridge that's of no use, and running along by it is a broad shallow drain that is actually a nuisance. A compact fence planted with thorns and kept cut close, so as that it may not obstruct a free current of air, nor harbour birds, is both the best and the cheapest that can be made, with the exception of a stone fence, which is still better and occupies less ground."

"Well," said Paddy, "thank God, there's time enough before us, an' according as I come to know how to manage, we must rightify all these mistakes, plaise God ; but as I am a little jubious (dubious) in dependin' on myself, I hope, James, you an' Nancy here won't neglect to rouse me up ; for, in throth, I believe, to tell the truth, 'no one stands in need of a shove more than I do."

"Thank God, Paddy," said his wife, "that you say so an' feel so, for I know that you won't rest contented till your place an' farm is what it ought to be—not a bare an' a strugglin' support for you without daicency or comfort, but the means of a respectable income to you and to your family."

"Wasn't it the lucky day I met wid her, James," said Paddy, looking with a face now animated by affection at his wife.

James smiled, and replied : "I believe there are worse wives in the world than Nancy is ; but, Paddy, here's a field and it seems to be in a bad way ; here's springs spoutin' up in all directions ?"

"Ay, but how the dickens can I help that ? Sure there's no keepin' down a spring they say ?"

"Indeed, an' there is ; cut your drain, if you can, as deep as the level of the spring, after findin' the best line for a fall, and let the fall be a gradual one and it will be the safer. But, I think, Paddy, I must buy some of these cheap publications upon farming, that any one may have for a trifle. Nancy here can read them for you, and you will find them so simple and clear that a child might understand them."

As they advanced, young M'Bride pointed out

every thing that he thought would strike him with a new view of what was wrong and what was right. He had been mowing the same meadows for years without ever top dressing them; and although there ran a sweet river through them, yet he never once thought of irrigating or watering them, simply because his father had never done so. Having thus gone over the farm, and explained to him the plain but correct principles of cultivating the soil to the best advantage, they took their way home. M'Bride told him the most approved method of saving hay: not to give it too much sun, as was generally the case, inasmuch as it deprives it of a great portion of the nutritious sap.

"And as for manure," said he, "turn every thing you can into manure. Vegetables, marl, ashes, sea-weed, and many other substances make good manure when skilfully used; and above all things you should bring yourself to the practice of green feeding your cattle."

"What do you mane by green feedin'?" asked Paddy.

"Why," said M'Bride, "clover, and——"

"Hould where you are," he replied, "hell re-save the ounce of clover 'ill ever go into an acre I'm masther of. Clover indeed! The curse o' Crom'll on it, didn't it a'most ruin me."

"How is that?" said M'Bride.

"How is that? Why, purshuin to it, the thief, didn't I lose as many cows by it, durin' the two years I tried it as would brak' e'er a man in the parish."

"Oh, I see," replied the other laughing; "but

the truth is you didn't know how to use it. To turn a hungry cow into a clover field is madness; or to allow her too large a quantity of it under any circumstances. However, as we're now near home"—(for the reader is not to suppose that we have given a full report of their conversation, which did not always bear upon agricultural pursuits)—"I will end by saying that, looking to your manure—fencing your fields properly—putting up good safe gates—draining wet and sour ground—top dressing and watering your meadows—cutting your hay early—practising early tillage in general—securing it properly in your haggards—and as a general rule in each of these processes, leaving nothing to be done to-morrow that can be done to-day—is the best method to become both a good farmer and a wealthy man."

Thus had Nancy obtained her first object, that of disabusing her husband and his sisters of their absurd prejudices against improvement, and of laying the foundation for his future agricultural prosperity.

In a work like this it would be utterly out of our power to follow them through all the details of their progress, from Paddy's ignorance and prejudice until he became an enlightened man upon these very subjects. We shall, however, close by giving the reader a succinct history of all that this admirable woman ultimately brought about.

Our readers need not suppose, that she found the accomplishment of her object in working out his reformation all plain sailing, especially with regard to the farm. In the matter of the gates,

for instance, although he yielded, yet it was with hesitation and reluctance; "for," as he said himself, "your plan is a very good one, but I don't see, why we shouldn't stick to the cars still; bekaise, you know, that by stickin' to them we can kill two birds wid one stone, what you can't—your gate is *but* a gate, but mine is a gate and a car both—so you may talk as you will, but the ould way is afther all the best." This was his usual mode of argument, or rather of approaching his argument, for he never now had courage to express his old opinions fully.

It was a beautiful thing to observe how, year after year, the neglected materials, which the active spirit of his wife took under her management, assumed a growing character of neatness, improvement, and beauty. Gradually, but steadily, she urged forward all her plans, because all her plans were such as common energy and common sense could accomplish. She was no impracticable theorist, who wasted both time and labour on objects that could never be attained, or which, if attained, would not compensate for either. All her schemes, on the contrary, were simple, practical, and beneficial. Although she became a mother within the first year, yet that fact in no degree either diminished her activity, nor distracted her attention from the task which she had proposed to herself. As season after season passed, the neighbours could observe some new and unexpected improvement visible on his farm, or in his farm-yard, or about his house. If there happened to be an unproductive angle of land that they were forced to leave uncultivated, she

had it planted—for as she said to Paddy, whilst holding a young tree in her hand, “All we have to do is, to plant it; you know it will grow of itself.” After the second year she got bees, the tending of which was only a delightful recreation to herself and her sisters-in-law. Her kindness and affection to these girls, ought alone to rescue her name from oblivion. She had not been three years his wife, when she had them instructed in reading, writing, and the principles of arithmetic, by which means she opened a new world to their minds and imaginations. And, as it happened, for so she wished it to happen, these exertions of hers proved only a means to an end. The value of these excellent girls became known; their improvement excited astonishment; their virtues, their industrious habits, their cleanliness, neatness of apparel, and imperturbable good humour and affection, could not be concealed. The consequence, our readers may easily guess.—Before the expiration of six years, from the date of her union, each of them got well and respectably married, and as they often said, on coming to visit her and her family:—“Dear Nancy, what return can we make, for all you have done for us?”

“I am well paid,” she would reply, “you are all now married and happy.”

“We are, thank God, an’ it is to you we owe it.”

“No,” she would return, “it is to God, for I was only his instrument; but there’s nothing I’m prouder of than gettin’ yez to give up the pipe—however, I knew that as sure as the bachelors

came the pipe would go—I tould you the smell of it wasn't very pleasant, you know—an' wasn't I right? ha, ha, ha!"

The appearance of her house, farm-yard, and farm, at the present day, would fill the heart—especially the *Irish* heart—with delight and gratification. The house is as white as snow, and if you should happen to approach it in the month of May, the very fragrance of the orchard—for there now is an orchard behind it—joined to the cheerful and thriving look of everything about you—the sweet green before the door too, and seats beside it covered with roses—would make you linger, and look, and admire it. Paddy and she have a fine family of sons and daughters, and to see her, him, and the younger of them drive of a summer Sunday to chapel, you would little suppose, that the life, energy, and activity of one miud, and that mind a woman's, could ever have brought about such a state of things, from the unpromising materials she had to work with. We finally close with a little anecdote connected with Paddy's old prejudices against modern inventions. In the course of the improvements which she brought about, she succeeded, with a good deal of difficulty, in prevailing upon him to try an iron plough. Now, this implement above all others was his decided aversion, and although he acquiesced in its introduction, yet, truth to tell, it was with a bitter visage he looked upon it. When it was brought into the field and set to work, he went over behind a hedge, and taking off his hat, exclaims:—"God bè merciful to the sowls of my poor father

an' mother ! an' grant that this piece of wickedness on my part, mayn't make them unaisy in happiness—an' whatever sin 's in it, let it come down, neither on poor Nancy or myself, but upon Denny Delap that first set the country sich a bad parable !"

He lived, however, to see his error on this as well as on many other old methods of agriculture.

And, now, reader, I have only to say, that Paddy Go-easy is Paddy Go-easy no longer. In all the duties of life, he is as active, steady, punctual, and persevering as a man ~~need~~ be, and that, we think, is sufficient.

We close with a wish, which is, that well as we like Paddy, we hope, that ere many years there will be but few of his name in our country.

OBSERVATIONS ON FARMING,

&c. &c.

THE following observations and directions to the Small Farmers of Ireland—a numerous class, who stand very much in need of sound information upon agricultural matters—have been appended to the foregoing sketch, with a hope that they may prove of much utility to the people. They are extracted from an admirable little work by Martin Doyle, called “Hints to the Small Farmers of the County of Wexford”—a work which should be in much more general circulation in the country than it is.

CONDITION AND QUALITY OF LAND.

THE first thing which you have to consider next to the rent, is the nature and condition of your land. If it be of prime quality, even at a smart rent, you are fortunate; your return will be good in proportion; but if wet, or dry hungry land, should fall to your share, *you must look sharp*, or you will find it hard to make the two

ends of the year meet. If your land be wet, the wetness proceeds from one, or all, of the following causes :—

1. A close undersoil, or bottom, which prevents the surface water from soaking through it.

2. Land springs, bursting from the bowels of the earth, wanting a free passage.

3. Water from higher lands oozing downwards.

The first case is, I think, the worst, especially if the ground be flat. One remedy is to *score* the land with drains—the closer the better. These drains need not be more than from 2 to 3 feet in depth, and 12 or 16 inches in breadth at top, and 9 inches at bottom. They should be shored with flat stones, or filled with round stones or coarse gravel (covered with bushes, straw, rushes, or sods, the latter the best, with grassy sides downwards), and care should be taken not to throw the stiff yellow or bluish clay, you dig out, *over* the stones, else you will defeat your object, by hindering the water from trickling downwards. Ground of this kind, from the nature of the bottom, will never become perfectly sound, nor fit for working in winter, during which time (if in a broken state) it should be carefully ribbed up with spade and shovel, and when in lea, cattle should not be allowed to tread on it.

When wetness is caused by *springs* on flat ground, bursting upwards and requiring vent, cut drains (of depth according to the depth of the springs) in the best line for a fall, and if you happen to cut off the real or principal spring, which supplies all the others, they will speedily

dry up. Skill and practice are much required in this branch of draining; but as long as a spring makes its appearance, you must cut it off. Since the object here is to carry off *under*, not surface water, you may throw in as much yellow clay over the stones in filling, as you please.

When the wetness arises from the oozing of water from *higher* land, you should cut a good head-drain between the wet and dry ground, of such depth, if practicable, as will cut off the communication; if the vein (or porous stratum) should not lie too deep, and if you can cut completely through it and reach a hard bottom, which will conduct the water along its channel, without suffering any of it to soak downwards, your work is done at once; but in general it is not easy to stop all communication in this way; you must therefore often proceed in a different manner, and if the springs appear in your field, *at different levels*, on a slanting surface, and (according to the season's wetness) continue to run at the bottom, while the higher ones are dry, it is plain that they are connected, and flow from the same point; in which case you are to draw your line of draining along the level of the lowermost springs, which will keep all the others dry.

But if you make your drain along the line of the highest of the spots where the water breaks forth, without being sufficiently deep to reach the level of those below (which in a *steep* field cannot well be done), you will only carry away the overflowings of the spring, while the main spring still continuing to run, would wet all the land below the level of the bottom of the drain, by

discharging itself *lower down* over the surface of the ground. When finishing your drains, give a very gradual fall, otherwise they will be choked from the earthy particles brought down by a rapid flow. I have only to add a caution, that you should keep the outlets of all your drains clear, and scour the main drain whenever it requires it. Where stones are scarce, and tough sods plenty, sod draining in many cases will answer well; this operation proceeds quickly, and only requires a spade of a particular make. Wet land, when perfectly drained, becomes loose and productive; otherwise it is of very inferior value; if under grass, its herbage will be stunted and sour, and it will produce a particular weed, which gives the *rot* to sheep. Immense portions of land in Ireland (besides the turf bogs) are half waste, from want of draining. Every day, idle families of men, women, and children, are to be seen *who might be profitably employed* in cutting and filling drains. The man who has idle hands at home, and possesses an undrained field, deserves to be poor and miserable.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

I SHALL now tell you how to prepare your land for cropping. The treatment must, in a great measure, depend upon the nature of your soil; if it be stiff and wet while it is in course of tillage, rib it up carefully in winter, and keep the furrows clear; if the land have a sudden fall, these furrows should be run in a slanting direc-

tion, in order to prevent manure and earthy particles from being washed to the bottom by heavy rains. Clay land, if not treated in this way during the winter months, becomes hard and stiff in the month of March, or (if the weather then be wet) like mortar; in either case unfit for working: besides, in the succeeding summer, such land (from the previous neglect of ribbing, which would have loosened and pulverised the soil,) splits and exposes to the sun those tender roots and fibres which ought to be sheltered from it. Even if your land be light and dry, you should treat it as above, in order to preserve the manuring principles. In very small farms there is no excuse for neglect of this practice, particularly if the owner have two or three healthy sons.

Strong clay land, if not properly loosened by spade or plough, besides preventing the vegetable roots from shooting out freely, hinders the genial warmth of spring from reaching those roots as it would in open soils; the mild rains too, as well as warm air of April and May, should have a free passage to the roots, which are, as it were, so many mouths through which the plants suck in their nourishment.

In treating of the preparation of the soil, ploughing is to be considered: although I write more for the cottager, who should use spade and shovel in preference. The best ploughing is that which comes nearest to trenching, which *exposes the greatest quantity of fresh surface*; and the best plough is that which is most easily drawn. As to the depth, 4 inches may be considered light, 6 inches middling, and 9 inches deep

ploughing. In general, the poor man's field is only *scratched*; fresh mould is rarely brought up; and this, as I have already hinted, is very important, in light soils, in which the essence of the manure is filtered downwards; it is therefore necessary to bring it into action, by mixing the under with the upper soil.

Lea should be ploughed almost always for *oats* in the first instance. The sod should be so laid as to form an angle of 45 degrees (thus, V); the harrowing covers the seed in the spaces between the furrow slices, and it comes up regularly in narrow drills. The old, and still too general practice of *shovelling* lea corn is useless, where ploughing is perfect; but otherwise in every instance, it will be absolutely necessary.

Fields intended for summer fallows should be turned up in the preceding autumn, *immediately after removing the crop*, at which time also all *stubbles* should be turned in, and (after lying free from water during the winter, and while spring work is going on) ploughed during the succeeding summer, in the manner I have recommended. *By such a fallow*, weeds and insects are destroyed, and a single horse, with a common Irish plough, can open drills for the wheat with perfect ease; and all the succeeding crops will be clean. Now, my good friends, have any of *you* ever seen such a fallow?—Believe me it is much better than giving two scratchings, and turning cows, calves, horses, mules, asses, and pigs, to cut down the thistles, rag-weed, docks, &c., &c., which should never be suffered to grow at all.

COTTAGE CLEANLINESS.

AN Irish cabin, if it belongs to a very small holder, or mere labourer, is generally unfit to be seen; often without a chimney, smoking horribly of course, and rarely having more than one very small window, which will not open, with most uneven and crumbling walls, seldom uniformly dashed and white-washed, except in those places where active and anxious landlords reside; *personally* looking to the comforts of their thriving tenantry, and showing what *can* be done in Ireland.

The encouragement which is held to all holders of ten acres and under, for neat cottages, by several farming societies in this country, is quite sufficient, even if your own comfort was not intimately concerned, to induce you to be clean and neat; and yet how few are the applications for cottage premiums. Why, one would almost think that Hogs, if they could speak, would cry out for clean, well-roofed sties, if mere asking would obtain them. To what, then, is such indifference attributable there? Indeed, in every part of the country, unless in those favoured spots where kind-hearted and valuable landlords *goad* their tenantry to improvement, the same carelessness is too perceptible. Whence does this arise? From early habits of slovenliness and bad management, and often from poverty; from not possessing the means of purchasing lime for dashing, bricks for chimnies, and glass and timber for windows. Now, bad habits may be overcome by activity

and example : “ *I cannot do it,*” will never succeed, “ *but I will try*” often conquers.

MILK.

A DAIRY-ROOM should be cool in summer and moderately warm in winter. A northern exposure is the best, and if it can be so situated as to be shaded by trees or buildings from the sun, so much the better ; a milk-house should have no inside communication with any other building ; it should be kept clear from smoke, well aired, and perfectly clean, and nothing likely to give it a strong or bad smell, such as fish, onions, cheese, should be kept in it.

All the utensils—the pails, hair-cloth sieves (for passing the milk through, to free it from hairs and all impurities) milk dishes or coolers, tubs, churns, made of *oak*, or *lime* wood, which is best of all, *having no acid in it*, and butter prints should be kept perfectly sweet and clean, scalded, scrubbed, rinsed and dried every time they are used, otherwise they will have a bad smell, and spoil the butter.

I shall conclude with Wilkinson’s excellent marks, by which every one may soon learn how to choose his cow ; which I should have thought about before ; I gave you a dissertation on her milk and butter, for the same reason that a cook’s receipt for dressing a round of beef begins with “ first get the beef.”

She’s long in her face, she’s fine in her horn,
She’ll quickly get fat without cake or corn ;

She's clear in her jaws, she's full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump, "
A straight and flat back, with never a hump ;
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail ;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

PRUDENCE.

SOBRIETY, patient and unwearied industry, with great frugality, will, especially if practised in early life, generally enable a healthy labourer to accumulate *something*. When once the *nest egg* is laid, the commencement of property takes place : every month or week adds a *little* to the stock where great industry prevails. For instance, *two shillings* saved every week, will, without interest, amount in twenty years to one hundred and four pounds, twelve shillings ; but *with the interest of only four in the hundred*, it will amount to *one hundred and fifty-seven pounds* in the same time.—*Two shillings* a week in five years comes to twenty-eight pounds, three shillings and three-pence.—*One shilling* a week in seven years, comes to *twenty pounds, ten shillings and eight-pence*.

Let the poor man then lodge his money, whatever it may be, not in the hand of any private person, but in the *Savings' Bank*, for *there* he

may be sure it is safe, and whenever an opportunity occurs of using it with advantage, he can draw it out at a week's notice.

Take care before you take an inch of land to have suitable capital; have money in pocket, or you cannot get on; have enough to buy a cow and manure, at first starting, and two years' rent lodged in safe hands, at interest, lest a bad year should come on you; do this, and there will be little doubt of your success, if you farm judiciously.

CARE TO BE TAKEN IN GIVING CLOVER TO COWS.

I OMITTED to state in my last number that clover ought to be given in very small quantities at a time, and always cut some hours before it is used, in order that the fixed air may escape from the stalks.—“Prevention is better than remedy;” it is wiser to guard against the entrance of this air into your cow's stomach, than to depend upon an instrument for letting it out of it in order to save her from bursting. If the soiling system in summer, with green crop feeding in winter, were in general use among you, in a climate so favourable, from its mildness and moisture, as ours is, to herbage crops, and turnips, and mangel wurzel, and so frequently unfavourable to wheat and barley, I should have no doubt of your rapidly rising in the scale of comfort.

Cabbages are a very valuable description of green food for cows throughout the whole year, of which, crops, succeeding at regular intervals, can easily be obtained—the *early york* and *sugar*

loaf kinds when young, give no unpleasant taste to milk or butter. In order to raise a stock that shall come forward very early in spring, prepare a perch of ground in August, manure this well with short dung, and sow half of it with early york, and the other half with sugar loaf cabbages, in little drills, three inches apart, the seeds thin in the drill—the plants should be thinned if nearer than two inches: as soon as the seeds are up, hoe deeply between the rows, and again in a few days, for the more you hoe or dig about the cabbages the better. When the plants shall have attained six leaves, dig up, manure, and make fine another perch or two, prick out the plants in rows, eight inches apart, and three inches in the row, hoe the ground between them often, and they will grow up straight and strong. Early in November lay some manure between the ridges in the ground intended for the full crop, and turn the ridges over on this manure, then transplant your cabbages on the ridges which cover the manure at fifteen inches apart—here they are to stand for the winter; watch the slugs, and if any plants fail, supply their places from the bed. If the winter be hard, cover the seedling beds at least, with a little straw or fern laid between the rows and the plants, so as not to cover the leaves—if the ground becomes hard in winter, dig it, and particularly near the plants. In March, dig deep, and as soon as the plants begin to grow, dig the ground with spade clean and well, going as near the plants as possible, without displacing them: dig again in April and May, and destroy all weeds—about the first of June there will be

cabbages. The early yorks will soon become solid, and will furnish food for cows and sheep until some time in September. In the following March and April sow more early yorks, proceeding as before directed—dig up and manure the ground, and as fast as you cut cabbages, plant cabbages—the last planting should be about the middle of August, with stout plants: these will serve through the winter; dig as much as you can between cabbage, but you need not ever raise the earth, as is so common. Digging is useful, because it keeps down weeds, facilitates the means of the plants reaching the manure in the soil, and by cutting the fibres of the roots, increases the number of its mouths for taking in food.

When cabbages are planted out in autumn, put first a row of early yorks, then a row of sugar loaves, and so on throughout the whole piece. As the early yorks come first, you will, of course, cut every other row, and the early yorks which you are to plant in the summer, will go in the intervals, as the sugar loaves are cut away; put Swedish turnips in their place, the ground being dug and manured, as in the case of the cabbages; the turnips should stand in rows, two feet apart, and always a foot apart in the row.

To save cabbage seed, select a few fine specimens, and plant them by themselves, out of the reach of the effects of the blossoms of other plants of the cabbage tribe; for bees carry the farina from plant to plant, and thus adulterate the seed. But cabbages, though *good*, are, perhaps, the worst green food for milch cows, as they give a bad taste to milk and butter, if old, tainted, or even used in great

quantities exclusively ; and *this is* a STRONG objection to their general use.

POTATOES—CUTTING AND PLANTING.

IN preparing seed, you are not to cut off the mere crown eyes without a sufficient portion of the potato attached, because it is well known that the strength of the shoot depends on the power and vigour of the set. The set should not be less than the fourth part of a well-sized potato. It is a great mistake to choose for seed those potatoes which are considered too small for eating. Cut the seed some days before it is planted, that the wounds may dry up ; you may even cut your seed some weeks beforehand, provided that the sets are not exposed to dry winds or any drought so as to deprive them of their moisture. The excellence of the crop will depend, however, principally on the culture, the season, and the situation.

The season for planting depends on the state of the weather and soil : if they be favourable, plant from the middle of April to the middle of May—late crops are seldom so abundant as early ones. There is a method of cutting the potato or seed, practised by Mr. Hugh Williams, of Bodelwydden, in North Wales, by which the crop may be made to come to perfection two or three weeks earlier than by the usual method. The principal is that of rejecting the lower part of the potato, and merely using the upper part or crown, cut not horizontally but longitudinally. This

method in most potatoes will furnish three wholesome sets—and may be relied on for an earlier produce.

TURNIPS—SEASONS FOR SOWING.

TURNIPS delight in a loose soil; there they can be raised to the greatest perfection, and with the least hazard of miscarrying; at the same time that they do not require more than half the manure that Mangel Wurzel does; there is no soil that will not bear them when well prepared and *manured*; reclaimed moors, with the ashes of the burnt surface, yield fine crops of them. No person ever deserved better of a country than he who first cultivated turnips in the field—no plant is better suited to Ireland—no plant prospers better in the coldest and wettest parts of it, and no plant contributes more to fertility. The Norfolk farmers generally raise the white or red, and the green topped turnips which grow to a very large size, but the roots become hard and stringy early in spring. The green topped turnip growing more above ground is in more danger of suffering from frosts than the other two kinds, which are more than half covered by the soil, but it is the softest and sweetest, when grown large, of any kind, except, perhaps, the yellow Aberdeen, which is a hardy and delicious turnip. Swedes are much better for keeping, (they will be good so late as in June,) and more nutritious, but they require a rich soil, and abundant manure.

After the turnips have thrown out their rough

leaves, run an exposing plough between the ridges as in the culture of potatoes, and cut up the weeds at each side, almost close to the plants, cleaning out the bottom of the interval, at the same time; the hand hoers are then to be set to work as soon as possible after, and the plants are to be left about nine inches separate. Nor need you be afraid of stripping the turnips too much, for they require much exposure; in dry soils they should not be earthed up again, but I believe that whenever they are to be left out during the entire winter, which in this mild climate may generally be done, it will be necessary to throw back the earth from the furrows after the second hoeing, in order to drain off the surface water; and in wet land, this process is evidently necessary. The spreading of dung, hand hoeing, and gathering of weeds, can always be done by women, boys, and girls.

During severe frosts, turnips become so hard that no animal is able to bite them; therefore, in frosty weather, those which are intended for next day's use should either be laid in the cow-house, where the warmth will thaw them, or put into running water, which effectually softens them; but the best way, except in very open weather, is to have a few days' consumption in the barn; you can preserve them like potatoes in pits, if there be want of house room.

WHEAT—PICKLING.

THE soil best suited to *wheat*, is that which rests upon an absorbent bottom, and whose texture is

between light sand and heavy loam ; but this is not by any means the only description of soil on which it can be successfully cultivated ; for since the introduction of clover and turnips, light soils are found to yield good crops of it.

Seed wheat is prepared for sowing by the process called pickling. Though all farmers agree as to the necessity of pickling to prevent smut, they do not so well agree as to the mode of doing it—stale urine is considered the safest and surest pickle, and where it can be obtained in sufficient quantities is often resorted to. Some again are advocates for a pickle of salt and water, strong enough to buoy up an egg, in which the grain is to be steeped for at least forty-eight hours ; but all admit the utility of mixing the wetted seed with hot lime fresh slacked. You are to observe, however, that if the seed steeped in urine is not immediately sown, it will not grow, and that if the other pickle is not strong enough it will not be a preventive against smut. In fact smut has been produced in wet seasons, notwithstanding pickling ; still pickling is useful, as it secures that only sound grain shall be sown.

MANURES.

DUNG is the chief of all manures, because a large quantity of it may be collected in every farm, and because it makes the quickest return. The dung of animals that chew the cud being more thoroughly putrefied than that of others, may be at once mixed with the soil, without being collected into a dunghill. A horse does not chew

the cud, and in horse-dung may be seen hay, straw, and oats, broken into small parts, but not dissolved; it is therefore proper to mix it in a dunghill with clay, or any other cool substance, that it may completely putrefy. If left in a heap by itself (even for a few days) at a stable door, it will *singe*, being so hot in its nature. The difference between the dung of a horse and that of a horned animal or sheep, is visible in a pasture field; the grass round the former is withered—round the latter it is ranker and greener than in the rest of the field. A mixture of dry and moist stuff ought to be studied, because the former drawing moisture from the latter, they become equally moist. Stable dung, therefore, should be carefully spread on the dunghill with other matter, in order that fermentation and putrefaction may go on equally; but it is a mistake to allow *too much* fermentation, which causes a great loss of fluid, and of other matter which is useful to the nourishment of plants, of which some kinds (potatoes, for instance) thrive better with *fresh dung*—clayey soils, too, which retain moisture, may receive dung less decomposed—but all the small seeded plants, such as turnips, clover, carrots, &c., which are very tender in the early stage of their growth, require to be pushed forward with the least possible delay by means of short, *rotten dung*. The time for manuring a field with dung is in its highest state of pulverization, immediately before setting cabbages, sowing turnips, wheat, &c., and dung should be spread and ploughed into the ground without delay, lest its rich juices should be exhaled by the sun: if applied as top dressing to meadows,

dung should be put out on the appearance of rain, which will wash the juices into the ground. There is a common practice of drawing out dung in or before winter, leaving it exposed, in a loose, scattered state, to frost and snow. By this the whole spirit of the dung is washed away by rain, and what is left becomes dry in spring, and incapable of being mixed with the mould. When carried out during the frosts of winter, into the field in which it is to be used, it should be carefully built in dunghills of a square form, at least three or four feet in height, with clay or any other cold substance sprinkled or mixed through it.

To prevent sap from running out of a dunghill, its bottom should be below the surface of the yard; and to prevent rain from running into it, it should be surrounded with a ring of close clay or sods. If the bottom be porous, let it be flagged or paved, to prevent the sap from sinking into the ground, and the overflowings of it can be carried by a gutter into some hollow, where good rich mould should be laid to receive it, which will become as good as stable dung.

MARL.

MARL is a manure with which most of the farmers of this country are well acquainted; its goodness depends on the quantity of calcareous earth or *carbonate of lime* in it, which has been known to equal one-half. Good marl is the most substantial and lasting of all manures, and as it adds so considerably to the staple of the soil, in many cases it is preferable to lime; on light,

weak land it is of extreme use, and its effects will continue for several years. Summer is the proper time for applying marl, because, being in that season dry, it is comparatively light, and easily reduced to powder. After an even spreading it should lie on the surface during a winter, except when applied to wheat fallows, in which case it shall be ploughed in lightly, and well harrowed; for, like lime, its power depends on its intimate mixture with the soil. The quantity of marl to be laid on an acre, depends on its quality and the nature of the soil to which it is to be applied. Of white or shell marl, the number of loads (averaging 700 cwt. each) is about 60, while of the clay or blue marl, 600 loads are required to the acre; the latter kind on sandy and other light soils is obviously the best; on such lands there is little danger of giving too great a dose of clay marl; but where there is a very stiff soil, or a very shallow one, over marling has often proved of worse consequences than under marling. I need hardly observe that clay marling cannot be thought of, unless the carriage of it be short, otherwise the expense would be enormous. In balancing between liming and marling the relative cost must always be calculated, and lime or marl used according to the circumstances of expense.

IRRIGATION.

IRRIGATION, or watering land, is, I fear, too, little practised any where in Ireland, although high premiums are offered by the *Agricultural Associations* to coax you into a system by which,

without much trouble or any expense, you may have large crops of hay or luxuriant pasturage. How shall I account for your apathy or dislike to irrigation, which in a thousand places in this county, to my own knowledge, you might introduce with immense advantage. In the many favourable situations which may be found for watering, *meadows* might be rendered extremely valuable (affording in a single year returns four times greater than the expense incurred) where coarse or scanty herbage now appears. Ninety-nine streams out of a hundred are allowed to flow away unprofitably, a great proportion of which might be turned to account by creating meadow land of permanent fertility. The use of running water to the surface of land, for promoting the growth of grasses, has been practised in warm countries from the earliest ages, and seems to have been known in parts of England since the time of the Roman invasion, there having been irrigated meadows near Salisbury, from time immemorial. Now, irrigation acts as a means of giving food to grasses—of consolidating boggy and mossy lands (after being well drained), as a destroyer of certain kinds of weeds, and as the cause of warmth in winter and of coldness in summer; for it has been ascertained that the tender roots and leaves of grass, covered in winter or in the beginning of spring by water, are often saved from frost, and are many degrees warmer than the temperature of the air above.



THE END.